

Sports Illustrated

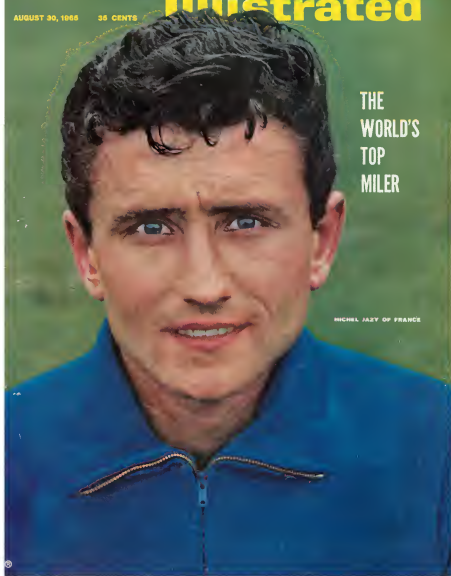
AUGUST 30, 1968

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Next week

WORLD GAMES sometimes are deadly serious contests, particularly when they pit Iron Curtain countries against the West. From Budapest, a report on the collegiate Olympics.

A DISCREET SHUDDER is the customary reaction of summer residents of exclusive Fishers Island when their privacy is threatened. Robert H. Boyle takes a sly peek at Fishers.

THE SWEET DAYS are gone for Sugar Ray Robinson, but at 45 he fights on—in dingy arenas against bums and scums. A study of the ex-champ as the light of hope flickers out.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Gangball

London, Paris, Beirut, Helsinki, Hamburg, Barcelona, Addis Ababa. Although that may read like one of those seven-day economy tours, it is just a sampling of the foreign cities to which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED writers have been dispatched so far this year. We probably send more writers overseas from New York than any other magazine. The scope of international sport constantly widens, and our writers have learned to keep their passports with their credit cards and check books.

"I was told on a Thursday to be in Paris by Saturday," says Edwin Shrake, whose story on Michel Jazy, the track phenomenon from France, starts on page 32. Finding it impossible to corner Jazy in the city, Shrake trailed him to Helsinki, Finland and later to Bern, Switzerland. "My best interview with Jazy," says Shrake, "was in Helsinki, at a reception for him given by the French ambassador."

An American in Europe is confronted with unfamiliar customs and, frequently, a language barrier. An American in Africa may have more drastic problems. Take the case of John Underwood. John says he had more trouble with his stomach than the language when he was in Ethiopia last March writing about Abebe Bikila, the barefoot Olympic marathon gold medalist (SI, April 12). "At lunch, one day," recalls Underwood, "the cats were fighting under the table, and the main course was war, a lamb and hot-pepper stew that looks like molten lava and scalds you going down, and injera, a gray, flat cake as long and about as digestible as an Ace bandage. It was murder. But I liked it." Since Bikila is a palace guard for Emperor Haile

Selassie, Underwood also attempted to arrange an interview with Selassie. "But why would the Emperor want to be in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*?" he was asked. Underwood answered that our magazine has featured Presidents of the United States, but his unimpressed inquisitor shot back: "They're only Presidents. Haile Selassie is an Emperor."

Most magazines and newspapers rely on resident correspondents for their foreign coverage. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has only one full-time staff member based outside New York: London Man John Lovejoy. We feel the reader generally is entitled to an on-the-spot account (and an opinion) from a writer who is recognized as being among the most expert and talented in his field. That's why we sent Frank Deford to Barcelona, Spain for this week's report on what turned out to be a U.S. tennis debacle (page 20).

In 1965 *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, which twice has been cited by the Overseas Press Club of America for Best Magazine Reporting from Abroad, has sent 17 writers to 23 countries to do 30 stories on overseas athletes and international events. It is our conviction that a sports personality or situation is often best described on home ground. We are happy when readers write us that a story such as Jack Olsen's tale of the Australian who outwits the British bookies (*The Happy Painter of Ally Puffy*, 51, Aug. 9) taught them more about at least one aspect of England and its people than anything they had read elsewhere.

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SCORECARD

BIG WEEK FOR BOXING

Despite vociferous objection from radio and television, which all but destroyed prizefighting, the House of Representatives has passed, by a whopping 346-to-4 vote, a bill that would create a federal boxing commission empowered to bar closed circuit, home TV or radio broadcasting of fights that it deems not in the public interest. Now Senator Philip Hart, head of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, is confident that his own boxing bill will be voted on in this session of Congress, possibly within the month. The Senate bill calls for one commissioner instead of three and lacks veto power over broadcasting. If it passes, procedure then calls for Senate and House to mold a compromise bill in joint conference.

We would hope that the veto power will be retained in the final version. No big money fight can be held without radio or television. And we hope the Department of Justice will withdraw its reluctance to add the commissioner to its responsibilities. A boxing commissioner would need this tie with the Department in order to have access to FBI records and personnel in checking out fighters, managers and promoters. He would have to have such information and help to do his job of licensing participants and barring them when necessary.

There is no organized opposition to the commission proposal in either house. There seems little doubt that by Thanksgiving Day, at the latest, the Senate will have passed its bill. And then the friends of boxing, for the first time in a long while, will—if appointments to the commission are wisely made—have something to be thankful for.

THE BETTER BETTOR SPEAKS

A certain amount of betting goes on among fans of professional football, yet you will be fascinated to learn, and one of the betterers has been wondering if, during the National Football League season of 1964, he would have been better off playing the favorites (conceding points to the bookmakers) or the under-

dogs (accepting the points). His research is now in and the answer is that overdogs won 46 times, underdogs 48.

What were the best clubs to bet on? he asked himself next. The study revealed that if he had wagered every time on the Baltimore Colts, giving or taking points as the occasion required, he would have won 11 and lost three. But in the Eastern Conference, it would have been less profitable to follow the Cleveland Browns: he would have won eight and lost six.

Best investment of all would have been New York. If he had persistently bet against the Giants, whether they were favorites (they were six times) or underdogs (seven times) he would have collected 11 out of 13 bets.

No wonder the President has named Yankee Stadium and the rest of New York a disaster area.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

On the Baï Haï Indian Ocean island of Mahé, one of Britain's Seychelles and the site of a U.S. space satellite tracking station, every prospect pleases but there is no golf course. This was a great disappointment to Larry Busch of El Paso, the station's data area supervisor, when he arrived there. Larry is a nine-handicap golfer who has shot as low as a 68. Though General Gordon of Kharitum believed one of the bigger Seychelles was the site of the Garden of Eden, Larry found Mahé pure hell. He is, as he says, crazy about golf.

He set out to correct the situation. He imported 40 pounds of grass seed from East Africa. Overnight, the breakers of a high tide washed the seed away. On his next vacation to the U.S. he brought back to Mahé some Tiffany golf-green grass seed and laid it down, this time successfully. Soon Simoué, his attractive Seychellois bride of a few months, was a golf widow.

He also trained a caddie, a Creole boy named George, to work for him four hours a day, doing such chores as diving into the sea to recover from the crystal clear water the balls he drives into it.

Occasionally George will tap his head and grin. "Yankee mad," he says.

Larry has but one tee and one green and no fairway whatsoever, but he is dreaming of the day when Mahé will have an airport, tourists will be attracted by its beauty and, inevitably, a golf course will be carved out of the coconut trees. In the meantime, he makes do.

PROSPECT FOR HOLLYWOOD U.

The young man will not get the endorsement of Jack Wallace, Drake University coach, as a college football prospect but he does seem to have a future as a film editor.

The boy's application for a football scholarship included a movie showing how well he played. Instead of a complete game, it showed highlights of an entire season's play.

"Every scene showed him opening a hole for a touchdown or busting through for a sensational tackle," Wallace said. His first reaction: "Give this boy a scholarship right now before someone else sees this film."

"But I only had one or two scholarships left," Wallace went on. "and, just



to play safe, I wrote to the school and got films of several complete games. They showed that, overall, the boy is awfully slow. They showed defensive linemen knocking him over [he's a center], and they showed him missing tackles. But, boy, what a film editor he'd make!"

CHECKS FOR THE CZECHS

Unless the Czechoslovak Athletic Association's presidium decides otherwise, Czechoslovakia will become the first

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SCORECARD *continued*

Communist bloc country with admittedly professional soccer. The practice has been to give players factory, clerical or other jobs which they perform only nominally. Now, if the presidium so decides on August 31, and the indications are that it will, all players on the National League teams are to be paid monthly premiums, the size of which will vary according to attendance at matches, a team's standing and an individual player's performance. Another factor will be a player's morale, which in Communist jargon includes his attitude toward official state policies.

Envisaged premiums are to range between 500 and 1,800 crowns a match (\$70 to \$250 by official exchange rate but much lower in real purchasing value). Members of lesser leagues than the National will continue the present practice of "shamateurism."

The measure, it is believed, is being considered because of fast-declining morale among players and deteriorating performance on the field.

NOW SEE HERE, COACH

The athlete who risks the ire of his coach by taking a clandestine nip or two would be well advised to carry under his arm at all times a copy of the book, *Liquor: The Servant of Man*, by Dr. Morris E. Chafetz of Harvard University (Little, Brown, \$4.95). It should be bookmarked at the following passage:

"All day long the athlete in training must drive himself under physically and emotionally tense conditions. Then comes the evening meal, a little relaxation and an early bedtime. Why not some wine with the evening meal? Or a highball before retiring? The relaxation and appetite stimulation that liquor can supply would be invaluable."

THE CROWDED OCEAN

He will not soon replace The Beatles but when Robert Marry sailed his 13½-foot sloop *Tinkerbell* into the harbor at Falmouth, England, stepped ashore and kissed the earth he became, if perhaps briefly, one of the world's idols. He was greeted by 20,000 persons, led by Falmouth's mayor in ceremonial regalia of scarlet robe and cocked hat and attended by two mace bearers. There were front-page headlines and rapturous editorials. And this was rather odd because Marry's solo transatlantic voyage was neither unique nor a record.

At about the same time as the celebration in Falmouth a 12-footer, sailed by John Riding, docked at Newport, R.I. after a solitary passage through the Trades. There was no such vast acclaim for Riding as greeted Manry. A man and his wife have crossed the Atlantic in an amphibious jeep. Another individual has circumnavigated the globe in a canoe. Manry's time of 78 days was well short of the record of 27 set last year when Eric Tabarly beat 13 other singlehanders in a transatlantic race. Neither was Manry's age of 48 impressive. A 16-year-old boy just landed in Honolulu on the first lap of a round-the-world trip and Francis Chichester was 63 when he finished second to Tabarly last year.

How account, then, for the adulation of mild-mannered Robert Manry, the suburban commuter who bought a \$250 boat, walked out of the office and sailed away? We think it was that bit about walking out of the office that appealed to the millions.

LINEAGE

Because UCLA will have on its freshman basketball team Lew Alcindor, the nation's most desired basketball player when he was starring for Power Memorial Academy in New York, USC will have on its team a second cousin to Gavril Princip, the Bosnian Serb who on June 28, 1914 assassinated Archduke Francis Ferdinand and triggered World War I.

The second cousin is Mirko Blesch, considered by Indiana experts to have been the finest shot since Jimmy Rayl was a prep school great. Blesch was leading scorer these past two seasons on the Washington High team in East Chicago, Ind. In his application to Bill Mulligan, assistant Trojan coach, Mirko pointed out his second cousin's place in history before citing his other qualifications, such as how well he plays basketball. As for his reasons for wanting to attend USC, he said he had heard of the admonition "Go West, young man, go West," and besides he wanted to play against Alcindor.

Which would seem to make Horace Greeley and Alcindor pretty good recruiters for USC.

BIOGRAPHY

There used to be an old vaudeville joke about the man who called the Eagle Laundry because he wanted to have an eagle laundered. Well, life occasionally imitates art. The Albuquerque zoo recently had a terrible time finding an effec-

continued

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SCORECARD • continued

tive way to launder a greasy golden eagle.

A New Mexico Game and Fish Department employee rescued the eagle from an oily puddle in which it had somehow become mired. It was a sorry mess, and attempts to dislodge the grease with ordinary veterinary soap were a failure. "We need a detergent spray," said Don Meyer, a zoo attendant, "and we need more room than a bathroom shower to spread the wings."

Someone suggested an automatic car wash. It took a dollar in coins and it worked fine. As soon as the bird was dry it began to eat.


SURE-THING MANAGEMENT

The New York State Harness Racing Commission allowed Yonkers Raceway to exclude Race Time, a 4-year-old pacer, from the betting in the \$100,000 Empire Pace last week. Other horses—among them Bret Hanover, Poconooshine and Titan Hanover—also have been taken out of the betting at one time or another.

It is true that the raceway has paid out almost \$40,000 in minus pools since the current meeting opened three weeks ago. (Minus pools occur when a favorite is so heavily backed that the track cannot make money if he wins. It is required by law to pay a minimum of \$2.20 to those who bet on him.) It is also true that an institution which makes money on gambling ought to be willing to do a bit of gambling itself. When four or more horses start—there were six in the Empire Pace—management has a moral obligation to permit betting on the favorite. In Thoroughbred racing this has held true for Man o' War, Citation, Native Dancer, Nashua and Bold Ruler and it holds today for the great Kelso. It should certainly hold true for a horse like Race Time, who has been beaten six times in 11 starts this year.

THEY SAID IT

- Chi Chi Rodriguez, on the sudden appearance of a transplanted tree on the Jed fairway during the PGA Championship: "I thought only God could make a tree, but I forgot about the PGA."
- Willie Mays, describing his new reaction to a knockdown pitch: "I stay down longer now to get rid of my mad."
- Frank Ervin, driver-trainer of Bret Hanover, beaten last week for the first time in 36 races: "He's the greatest horse that ever lived—and he knows it." **END**



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THE BATTLE OF SAN

There was blood on the pile of dirty towels inside the door of the Los Angeles Dodgers' dressing room in San Francisco's Candlestick Park Sunday afternoon, and there was blood in the Dodgers' eyes. The important four-game series with the Giants had been split, and so had Catcher John Roseboro's head. Giants' Pitcher Juan Marichal, swinging his bat like a headsmen's ax, had opened a two-inch gash and raised a swelling the size of a slice of cantaloupe on the left side of Roseboro's head. In so doing, he inspired the most spirited rumble the National Pastime has seen in at least a generation.

"I've never seen one human being attack another with a club," said mild-mannered Wally Moon, who offered to take on Orlando Cepeda in the 60-man melee that followed the clubbing, despite Orlando's 30-pound pull in weight. "If he doesn't get suspended indefinitely," said Howie Reed, another Dodger who went berserk in his pursuit of Marichal, "there's no justice."

With Sandy Koufax and the Dodgers leading 2-1, Marichal had batted first for the Giants in the third inning and had taken a strike and then a ball. Suddenly he and Roseboro stood eye to eye, and then Marichal began shuffling backward toward the mound, raising his bat menacingly. As Roseboro moved toward him, Marichal took three overhead swings at his head before Roseboro tackled him and Koufax moved in to grab the bat. It was evident to Dodger Manager Walter Alton, when he and everybody else arrived at the scene, that at least one blow had landed.

"I thought it had knocked Roseboro's eye out," Alton said. "There was nothing but blood where his left eye should have been. A man might as well have a gun as use a bat like that."

"He's a goddam nut," said Dodger Coach Danny Ozark, who was a peacemaker for the first 10 minutes and then made a charge at Marichal. "I went after him because he was making fun of the guy after doing a thing like that. He was asking Roseboro to come and get some more, I guess. A guy like that would hit a woman."

Most baseball fights are of the hold-me-back variety. You can tell when they are real, because the players make a second effort. The Dodgers' Lou Johnson tried again and again to reach Marichal, and it took a squad of men to restrain Reed, who had three superficial spike wounds on his left flank. "Marichal was kicking me," he said. "I wish I could have gotten to him."

After the game Roseboro was said to be at the airport, which presumably is a healthier place than a ball park for a

continued



Marichal bet raised to strike again, glances at Umpire Crawford as Roseboro falls and Koufax (left) and Fuentes (26) move in.

FRANCISCO

An exciting showdown series between the pennant-chasing Dodgers and Giants explodes into one of the bloodiest brawls in baseball history by JACK MANN

NEW EDITOR



man under observation for a concussion, and Marichal had been spirited away from the Giant clubhouse, wherein nobody knew anything. Nobody knew but Tito Fuentes, a rookie whose one week in the big leagues was insufficient to teach him that he isn't supposed to know things at certain times.

Fuentes had been shown a picture which depicted him with bat upraised. "I tried to break up," he said in Spanish to Cepeda and then explained to reporters. "I have the bat because I am on deck. I see Roseboro and Koufax grab Juan, so I go to help him. Juan said Roseboro threw the ball back to the pitcher on purpose so it hit Juan on the ear. I think they got a few words then, and that started it right there."

Not exactly right there. It had been a tough series, with the Giants containing the Dodgers' stealthy attack only to be beaten twice in extra innings. It didn't become a nasty series until the second inning of the fourth game, when Marichal knocked Maury Wills down with a pitch. Ballplayers like euphemisms like "brush back" or "pitch tight," but the term knockdown is used here because Marichal simply knocked Wills down.

He did it because Wills had led off the game by beating out a bunt and had gone on to score the first run. Baseball has come almost full circle since the Willie Keeler days. Pitchers now may accept home runs with equanimity, but bunts they take as personal insults. By bunting and stealing bases, Wills "shows up" the other team, and they resent it. He knows that, and he did not protest Marichal's duster pitch by anything more than a long look at the mound as he arose very slowly.

The Dodgers as a group did object. They had so far survived the loss of Tommy Davis, their only run producer, but it is Wills who makes the team go. It was up to Koufax to deliver the formal protest, and he did. His first pitch to Willie Mays in the second inning was high over Mays' head, all the way to the screen. "Yes, it was the token gesture," Koufax said. "But it was a lousy pitch. I meant it to come a lot closer." The gauntlet had been dropped—and accepted. Any little thing could mean war. Perhaps Roseboro didn't mean to nudge Marichal's ear, but that did it.

The Dodgers had kind words only for Mays, who was first in peace as he had been first in the legalized combat for the

Giants. (When the dust cleared, and Koufax, shaky even before the brawl, walked two men in a row. Mays got the first pitch to him out of the park for enough runs to win the game. Willie had hit a home run in each of the four games, winning two and keeping the Giants close enough so that they could have, and should have, won the other two.) It was Mays who restrained Roseboro following the first confrontation, then again when Roseboro returned to the scuffle after Trainer Bill Buhler had wiped the blood off. Mays arrested Roseboro's charge and then cupped the enemy's head in his hands and surveyed his wounds with a look of deep anguish on his expressive face. It appeared from a distance that Willie Mays had tears in his eyes.

"He may have," said Willie Davis of the Dodgers, who was there. "He was saying things like it never should have happened, that nobody should hit anybody with a bat. I couldn't say I saw tears, but the way his eyes looked he might have been crying."

"Mays did a helluva job," said Moon. "He was the only one of them who showed any sense," said Alston.

It is supposed to be as inevitable on the West Coast as it was supposed to be years ago on the East that "something" must happen in a Giant-Dodger series. But nothing exciting except some very exciting baseball had transpired until Marichal fired at Wills' hat.

On Saturday, the day before the big blow, the score was tied 4-4 in the 11th with a Dodger on third base and two out. The man on third was a pinch runner for Jim Lefebvre, a .235 hitter who had batted cleanup because, as Alston said, "he's swinging the bat as well as anyone we have." The cleanup hitter had gotten to first on a single and to second on a sacrifice bunt, and his pinch runner made it to third on a dribbler to the shortstop. It had been a typical Dodger onslaught.

The man at bat was Wes Parker, the Dodgers' first baseman, who owned a .236 average at the moment. He tried to bunt the first pitch but fouled it off. Bunting with two out with the winning run on third base is the sort of sneaky thing you come to expect from the Dodgers, who creep on little cat feet like the fog, but, of course, San Francisco was prepared. The pitcher, Frank Linzy, a sinker-ball specialist, kept the ball up

instead so as to keep Parker from having an easy shot at a bunt, and Parker hit the next pitch over the right-field fence. The small-arms Dodgers had beaten the Giants again with the big bomb.

A home run by a kid with a .236 batting average was the kind of thing that had been happening to San Francisco Manager Herman Franks all through the Dodger series, even before the battle on Sunday. His troops had beaten the Dodgers handsily on Friday, 5-1, and had contained the Dodgers' guerrilla attack through 14 frustrating innings on Thursday and 10 on Saturday and yet had been beaten on both Thursday and Saturday by the home run the Dodgers aren't supposed to have. Parker's homer was the Dodgers' 64th of the year; at that point the Giants' Willie Mays and Willie McCovey had 66 between them.

Managing a major league team does not notably improve a man's personality. After the defeat on Saturday someone helpfully pointed out to Franks that the Cincinnati Reds had won and were now "only one game behind you guys."

"The hell with Cincinnati," Franks said. "I don't worry about them. Why not worry about the Phillies? Where are they? Well, what's live and a half game, with 40 to go?"

Somebody asked what plans Franks had for Warren Spahn, who had been warming up when Linzy threw the home run ball to Parker. "I'm not worried about Spahn," Franks snarled. "What do you want to ask questions like that? If I'd wanted him to pitch to Parker, I'd have brought him in, wouldn't I?"

Among other things Franks wasn't worrying about was the soft earth the groundkeepers deposited near home plate before the Friday night game. But Maury Wills was very much concerned about it and during batting practice found a board and began scraping away the soft dirt. Later he called it to the attention of the umpires. "I'm out to win," said Wills, whose base-running potential is reduced if base paths are not firm and hard, "and I can't blame anyone for doing what they can to win. But I don't believe this should be allowed. This stuff looks like it contains peat moss."

If Candlestick's infield is too soft, it is a common complaint around the "league that Dodger Stadium's is too hard." "Sure, our infield is hard," Wills said, "but I don't want it that way. It's too hard. If I could run on an infield

like this [Candlestick Park], I could probably play a year or two longer. Anyway, I wouldn't have this."

"This" was an extra thickness around his right shin, a padding to protect the "strawberry" bruises he had incurred sliding and which had ultimately hemorrhaged internally. The condition gave Wills pause (he went nine days without stealing a base), but it didn't stop him. Theft No. 80 came in the Dodgers' 124th game. In 1962, when he stole his record 104, he didn't reach 80 until game No. 142.

This year's No. 80 set off a sequence that was—unlike the Marichal hassle—a model of the tight, clean baseball you like to see in a pennant race. After Wills zipped into second with one out, Alston took out John Kennedy, a .185 hitter who had a one-strike count, and sent up Don LeJohn, a come-lately .309 hitter. Manager Franks conferred with Pitcher Bill Henry, who held Wills close to second as he struck out LeJohn. On the second pitch to the next batter, Wills had third base stolen but the pitch was fouled off. Then the batter, Willie Davis, lined out to Mays.

Johnny Podres then went in to pitch for the Dodgers. It appeared that Alston, by using a starter in relief, was going all-out, but Podres is almost 33, his arm has been reconditioned surgically, and he isn't a regular starter any more. "I'd like to think he can help us," Alston said, "but he hasn't been able to lately."

The first man Podres pitched to was Mays, and the out was a screamer to Wills. Podres went on to retire all six men he faced in his two innings, finishing by striking out Len Gabrielson and Jesus Alou with big league fast balls. Parker hit his homer, and Podres was the winner. Then came Sunday and Marichal and the bat.

If Mays was the most valuable (as well as the most sensible) player of the big series, the public speaking prize for the weekend went to a cop, one of those who ringed the field and clustered at both dugouts after peace broke out. He was sitting on a camp chair outside the dressing room as the grim Dodgers filed in. Some people have to say something, simply because it's quiet, and now it was very quiet. "Don't forget, fellows," the cop said, "it's only a game."

Nobody hit him with a bat.

AN OLD-FASHIONED NATIONAL LEAGUE TANGLE

Not even in the most chaotic dreams of Warren Cranfill Giles was the National League expected to come up with such a bewildering, interesting and potentially profitable pennant race as it now possesses. During one four-day period last week the league lead changed hands four times, and the current first flight of Los Angeles, Milwaukee, San Francisco, Cincinnati and Philadelphia resembles a coiled spring. Not since 1959 has the National League enjoyed such close and tangled competition at the end of August, and that 1959 season ended, you may remember, in a tie between Milwaukee and Los Angeles.

This season the weak-hitting Dodgers have impressed everyone except their opponents with a rare quality of grit that always seems to help them escape from the crushing train at the very last instant. But in the little more than five weeks remaining, the Dodgers will face certain negative factors that may be hard to overcome. Beginning this weekend Los Angeles has 16 games remaining at home and 17 on the road, but 12 of the 16 home games are against Milwaukee, San Francisco, St. Louis and Cincinnati—teams with which the Dodgers have had some trouble (13 wins, 11 losses) in Dodger Stadium this year.

However, the Dodgers do not have a single doubleheader remaining and this means that they conceivably could start Sandy Kousser, Don Drysdale and Claude Daulton in 24 of their final 33 games; and none of the other contenders has three such high quality starters.

If the schedule can be called a slight plus for Los Angeles, it may work against the Giants. San Francisco's pitching does not have the depth of Los Angeles' or Cincinnati's or Milwaukee's and probably is only on a par with Philadelphia's. Also the Giants must play 21 of their final 37 games away from home. As far as away games go this season, the Giants were only so-so until the All-Star break (21-23), but after the break they won eight of 11 games on the road from Milwaukee, St. Louis and Cincinnati, all three tough to beat. Which Giants will we see from now on?

Cincinnati is the team that impresses and confuses the experts most, because it has good (although apparently overrated) pitching and steady, powerful hitting. But Los Angeles and San Fran-

cisco have stopped the Reds this season (the Reds have won only 9 of 26 from the California club), and Cincinnati has 10 games left with the two of them. And the Reds, inconsistent all season long, have the fewest games left with the bottom three clubs.

The Phillies gained widespread fame—or notoriety—last year when they collapsed and lost after leading by 6½ games with 12 to play. In three previous seasons, however, the Phillies played their best baseball through the closing stages. One distinct advantage that Philadelphia has this year is that it is the only one of the five contenders that has most of its remaining games (20 of 35) at home. Another—and perhaps more important—is that beginning on September 17 Philadelphia plays 15 straight games against last-place New York, eighth-place Chicago and sixth-place Pittsburgh.

"By now," says Bobby Bragan, the manager of the Milwaukee Braves, "I thought the Dodgers would have backed up and that Cincinnati would be in front. I would have to say that the Giants, who are not deep in pitching, will have trouble with the schedule. The only team that the schedule truly favors is Philadelphia, but the Phillies must be close enough to first place near the end of the season to take advantage of that break."

Bragan's Braves have played the best baseball in the major leagues since the All-Star break (20-12) and their young pitchers seem to be arriving at just the right time. Tony Cloninger and Wade Blasingame are 13-2 since midseason, and there are signs that Denny Lemaster, a 17-game winner last year, has recovered from the sore arm that hampered him all season. Milwaukee has 22 games left with the other top contenders and 11 left with Chicago, New York and Houston. The Braves are the only team currently in contention that does not have to play St. Louis again, and the Cardinals are usually a tough team late in a pennant race. The Braves have more games left on the road than they have at home (15-21), but this seems a minor factor; when the Braves have played at home in County Stadium this year they have often been made to feel as though they were on the road. The irony of the Braves winning a pennant in Milwaukee after shuffling off to Atlanta next season is self-evident. What a way to go!

—WILLIAM LEGGITT



Expressive Laura MacIvor, a 17-year-old who carried a rubber mouse for luck, displayed some of the tournament's finest follow-throughs as

ROCK AND ROLL IN THE ROCKIES

by PAT RYAN

The Florida blonde above may have stolen the show, but a New York brunette got the trophy when golf's teen-age girls, who look like dolls and compete like tigers, played a national championship on a Colorado mountain



she ebulliently urged shot after shot to head for the cup. She won her way into the semifinals, and got so enthused that she lost out on a date.

One hundred and sixty thousand came to watch the Masters this spring and 72,000 saw the U.S. Open, but the most viewable golf tournament of the year had to be the one witnessed last week by a paying gallery of zero at the Hiwan Golf Club high in the lodgepole and ponderosa land of Evergreen, Colo. The event was the 17th U.S. Girls' Junior Championship, in which for two days of medal play and then four days

of demanding match play the country's 78 best girl golfers put forth as much bounce as a Beatle concert, and a few therapeutic tears and wails as well. While playing the kind of golf that most of their elders never will—it took a two-over-par 75-73 to be the medalist—they fought their way around the course swigging Bubble Up, downing Hershey bars and even gnawing on their hair when the going got tense, which it usually did.

The girls ranged in age from 12 to 17. Some of them looked no larger than the bags their equally small caddies carried, but they made their own little world of big-time golf. Their mannerisms were often those of the pro tour—approach shots paced off with Jack Nicklaus care, putts lined up in Gary Player's plumb-bob style. Many had well-traveled leather bags with their names stenciled on, swings that showed why they could shoot

continued

in the 70s and the playing experience that came with being state or regional champions. (Eight of them are playing in the Women's Amateur this week.) Finally, almost all of them had suffering parents who tried hard not to root too openly: "What's wrong with her?" a father would whisper as a putt slid by.

In the mountain mist of early Monday morning, Tournament Director Purvis James Boatwright Jr. of the USGA donned his most fatherly look and sent the field off on the qualifying rounds that would reduce it from 78 to 32 by Wednesday (P. J. BOATWRIGHT NEW BROADWAY STAR said a fake newspaper

headline that one of the girls had tacked on the USGA's official scoreboard. Poor P.J. winced.)

There were hot favorites and sentimental ones. Californian Shelley Hamlin, who was to shoot the 75-73 in the qualifying rounds; Texan Lou Dill, cousin of Muleshoe's Terry Dill, a touring pro whom Lou describes as "spooky"; Florida's glamorous Laura MacIvor, the runner-up last year who, it was closely noted by more than one of the younger players, has pierced ears and wears eye shadow; Alabama's Candy Phillips, who has played only 14 months but has a four handicap; Indiana's Veda Stashitch, a former national backstroke record holder who gave up competitive swimming because she is, at 17, too old; Jackie Fladdo, the Iowa hotshot, and a Texas prize named Nancy Hager who, though 12 years old and weighing no more than her driver, came in with an 81 on Monday, only to be distraught at missing the cut after a sudden-death playoff late Tuesday. ("She doesn't realize," said an 18-year-old friend sadly, "that she has all those years ahead of her, and nothing you can say will convince her.")

Girls' golf being as hard to handicap as maiden races, nobody paid much attention to 16-year-old Meezie Prichett of North Carolina or 17-year-old Gail Sykes of New York. Both had played in the National Junior before and been eliminated in the first round.

Heavy rain fell during those first two days, and lightning stopped play for a while. Girls like Susan Moore of Scottsdale, Ariz., who had never before been on a golf course in the rain, grew cold and their games did, too. When night came they turned in the keys to their lockers, packed and went home.

The survivors played two 18-hole matches on Wednesday, and the field was down to eight by nightfall. Only then did people around the clubhouse begin to learn that the friendly brunette from Schenectady who spoke with a New York twang and walked away from her matches barefoot but a winner was named Gail Sykes. In her morning match she had been 3 down to Lou Dill after six holes, but she pulled her game together ("I say to myself, 'You animal. Do you want to get beat 10 and 8?'") and won six of the next nine holes to upset Lou 2 and 1. She immediately took off her shoes and began

walking around barefoot. An hour's rest later she teed off against Shelley Hamlin, and the Californian, who usually competes in stroke-play tournaments and has never won a match-play championship, found once again that a course can be easier to beat than a person. Shelley began playing Gail rather than her own smooth-swinging game, and by the 16th hole she was asking her mother if she had found the airplane tickets they had lost for the return trip to California.

Jackie Fladdo's lost on Wednesday morning and, if the truth be told, none too soon for her 12-year-old caddie. He had found a speckled salamander in a neighbor's swimming pool that morning, named him George and brought him to work in a paper cup. By noon Jackie was beat and George was more too wiggly either. His keeper kept pleading with mother to take them both home before George died.

Other caddies who lost their jobs at midday collected their pay and went back on the course where the action was—betting action. One match was obviously over when a girl hooked a tee shot deep into the woods. A caddie went to collect his winnings. "You owe me a nickel," he said to his pal. "Not yet, Babe," the other caddie replied, and he did not pay off until the hole was played out.

The golfer who won that match was Kathy Hutson, an unusual 15-year-old who is both athletically and artistically inclined—and each of these characteristics affects her golf game. Coming from the plains of West Texas, she relished the Colorado mountain country. At one point she told her uncle, Harry Holcomb, "You know, I walked up on one green and looked out and saw the clouds and the mountains, and they were beautiful. They calmed me." It is 10 years since Kathy announced in an oil field to this same uncle Harry that she would be a pro football player when she grew up. That seems unlikely now, but she might be a pro athlete for she has a swing like Nicklaus and nerves to match. She has played golf for five years, and has been West Texas Junior Champion for all five of them.

By Friday the field was down to four, Hutson against Sykes and little Meezie Prichett against lovely Laura MacIvor. Laura had a man and a mouse, which added up to a problem. Doubtful about how hard she wanted to work on her



Defeated Meezie pelts away a loser's tear

game, she had made a weekend date with an Air Force Academy plebe. Early in the week she had decided she was past her peak in golf, being 17 and all, and talked about retiring. But on Wednesday she had crammed a lucky toy mouse into her pocket and run off seven birdies in the 15 holes she had to play. So she canceled her date at Colorado Springs and headed for the practice tee.

Meezie had a problem, too. It was Mr. Meezie, better known as Newson Pritchett, M.D., esteemed cardiologist from Raleigh, N.C. "Daddy, I told you not to follow me during the match," she complained after her scintillating against Laura. "You sneak around in the trees and I know you are there. I smelled your pipe smoke and I heard you cough."

Dr. Pritchett could be excused for bobbing through the woods like a Cheyenne stalking a scalp, for what he was pecking at was not only his daughter but perhaps the best match of the tournament. For the first 14 holes Laura was twisting and wagging and making eyes at the ball and pretty well having her girlish way. Newson Pritchett was hiding in the weeds and, said Meezie, "messing me up," as Laura held a two-hole lead.

But Meezie, 5 feet 2 and 107 pounds, is not the give-up type. She had come from five down after 10 holes to win the Carolina Junior Championship 1 up, and from four down after 10 to take her first-round match in the National Junior. "I got so far behind, I have nothing to lose," she said. "I knew if I could win one hole the pressure would be on Laura and I would have a chance." Meezie got her hole at 15 and another at 16, and still another at 17. Then on 18 Laura hit an approach to within six inches of the hole, only to see Meezie pitch up and one-putt for the win. Dr. Pritchett ran out of the pines and hugged Meezie. Her bespectacled kid brother, Newt Jr.—who is 10 years old and plays to an 11 handicap—kissed her and cried. "She's the prettiest girl in the tournament," a lady said. Told of this, Meezie observed, "Well, there's not much left."

What was left was Gail Sykes—Schenectady's Athlete of the Year in 1964. Hardly an unpretty package, she had beaten Kathy Hutson 2 and 1.

On Saturday the championship simply went to the strongest and most savvy. Long off the tee and ever-posed, Gail played the same steady, relentless golf

BECK CLARKSON



Victorious Gail shows her winning ways as she discusses the details of a midweek match.

she had all week. Gail's mother had told her not to walk fast because she might tire herself out at the high altitude, and whether she won a hole or lost it Gail dutifully walked slowly. "When Meezie lost a hole, she'd run like a pony to the next tee, and then all she could do was wait for me," said Gail after the round. "There used to be a woman at home who beat me that way, and I learned a lot from her."

On the 6th hole Gail took the lead. She won the next two holes as well, and Meezie went to the turn 3 down. She was taking three shots to get places where Gail would be in two and, even worse, the North Carolinian's short game

had fallen apart, and her putting, too. The match ended on the 14th hole with Meezie, the loser by 5 and 4, wiping away a tear and Gail, the winner by 5 and 4, also wiping away a tear, that being the way with girls' golf.

"What a pleasant tournament to run," Purvis James Boatwright had said early in the week. And what a refreshing tournament to see, for children seem to know some things that adults don't. One girl was four holes down counting into the 9th green. "She's got to gamble now, got to gamble," her father kept saying intently. The girl herself was looking at the dark sky, smiling and chanting, "Rain, rain, go away."

END

The Spaniards were magnificent, the crowds understandably noisy and Dennis Ralston a nervous wreck. When he lost the U.S. team crashed with him at the colorful Davis Cup matches in Barcelona

by FRANK DEFORD

THE RAIN IN SPAIN WAS CUSHIONS



Whipped by the crowd and his bad play, Ralston falls into his hangdog posture of defeat

The face of Spain, as seen in the textbooks and on postcards, is often embodied in the stark view of the glistening basilica that sits atop Mt. Tibidabo. Both church and mountain are clearly visible from the Real Club de Tennis Barcelona and it was in this majestic and surpassingly Spanish setting last week that the U.S. Davis Cup hopes for this year died. The death rattle was accompanied by a waving of handkerchiefs, a raising of arms and a hurling of seat cushions—all phenomena you would not expect at Forest Hills but which are understandable in a land that loves bullfights and soccer and has fewer tennis players than there are courts in the U.S.

Spain was playing in its first Davis Cup Interzone Tie and, further, it had two remarkable heroes. First it was young Juan Gisbert, who rose to the occasion when Dennis Ralston suffered another of his fits of Davis Cup fright. And then there was Manolo Santana, in both singles and doubles, who settled the issue. Cavoring on a surface that was approximately the color and texture of jellied madrilene, Santana showed again that he is the best clay-court player in the world and that he possesses all the prime qualities of the complete athlete—ability, courage, competitiveness and sportsmanship. He exhibited them in abundance during the 4-1 rout of the Americans in Barcelona.

Please, no anguished claxon calls for a reexamination of U.S. tennis. The result was as far as it was decisive. The Davis Cup is no longer the province of three or four nations. "It is a much bigger thing now," says Pancho Gonzalez, the U.S. coach. "For the first time many of these small countries have a chance, and they work hard at it." Below Australia, which stands alone as a tennis

power and is certain to retain the cup, there is another level of competence where six or seven countries are closely hunched in Davis Cup talent. Which of these countries can beat the others depends mostly on whose courts and before whose crowds the matches are played. So the Americans better get used to the effusive crowds of the Emerging Tennis Nations, because they are going to see plenty of them.

The Spanish crowd tried, it really did, but its charming conscientiousness added to the din rather than detracted from it. Those spectators who had seen a match before or who had been so good as to read the "*forma correcta*" instructions that were slipped into the program felt impelled to devote considerable time to policing the less restrained element. Thus they did with "shs" so loud they could be heard above the improper cheers. "Shs" embellished with a Spanish lisp are every bit as menacing as boos, hisses or any of the other historically approved methods of noisy disapprobation.

But if the crowds seemed noisy at first, it became obvious later on that they had been behaving with considerable restraint. The scene that transpired when the verdict was clinched with a victory in the doubles for a 3-0 lead was something straight out of your neighborhood bullring. Santana and his partner, Lis Arilla, were hoisted on willing shoulders and carried about like matadors. Cushions, flung high and long, glided to rest on the court in a gay litter. Ball boys scooped them together and rolled on them, tumbling in an aimless ecstasy. Then Jimmy Bartoli, the Spanish captain, got out the ball bags and started flinging tennis balls to the happy spectators. There may have been past receptions in Barcelona equal to this one

continued

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—Columbus came back there after discovering America—but it is difficult to conceive of one surpassing it.

The people of Barcelona are a stubborn lot, still clinging to their Catalan heritage. Madrid is a suspect place, where taxes go, never to return. But when it came time for *Copa Davis*, for what was probably the first direct encounter between the U.S. and Spain since San Juan Hill, all such provincial concerns disappeared. The papers were full of hardly anything else. Bigger-than-life posters of the players filled Plaza de Cataluña. Temporary stands had been erected to bring the capacity to 5,000, and all the tickets were sold early.

The preliminary excitement ended in despair, however, when at the draw, made under Franco's stern likeness, Ralston and Gisbert were selected for the first match. Barrioli had decided to use Gisbert only a few hours before, and his countrymen were nothing short of contemptuous of his chances. "Dennis will kill him," Santana said, dismissing the subject. One sports daily could hardly contain its sorrow. "Expectation and silence," read the account. "It was the innocent hand of the President of the Diputación that drew the papers. The first name, Juan Gisbert! A murmur. The second, Dennis Ralston! A cry of sadness: 'Oh!'"

Ralston began against Gisbert the next day as if determined to confirm the worst of the local fears. He dashed through the first set 6-3 and gamboled off to a 4-1 lead in the second. And then, as if this lead had already decided the whole match, Ralston stopped applying pressure. "I feel the difference in him," Gisbert said later. "He stops coming to the net, and so I do. I fight him more, and I start winning and I see him thinking. 'Hey, how can I lose to this guy?'" Startlingly, Gisbert broke Ralston's serve seven straight times and eight out of nine to win the second set 8-6, the third 6-1 and the last 6-3. The U.S. was finished before it had begun.

To win, the Americans knew they had to take the first point, the sure one. Then there were hopes of two more points with a victory in the doubles and in Gisbert's second match, against Frank Froehling. Going for the U.S. team was its superb physical condition. There was also hope that, should it go down to the fifth match, Ralston could beat a tired Santana, who was also known to have



Two prayerful spectators, part of capacity crowd, cheer their countrymen during tense matches.

an injured hand. As it was, Santana, who had breezed past Froehling 6-1, 6-4, 6-4 on the first day, played so strenuous a game in the magnificent doubles of the next day—he twice pushed his partner, Arilla, out of the way to take a shot on Arilla's side—that he aggravated his hand injury and it is doubtful he could have played his usual game against Ralston.

But the point was moot. The Spaniards had won the doubles and the cup series, and on the final day Gisbert beat Froehling. Both the doubles and Gisbert's second win were achieved in five sets. Had Ralston taken his opener, the results might have been reversed by a more inspired American squad. When Santana asked to be excused from the last match, American Captain George MacCall agreed, convinced that Santana's injury was painful and legitimate.

Even with Santana's departure, Ralston had a struggle to get by the mustachioed, powder-puff replacement, Juan Manuel Coudor. Ralston's troubles with Coudor were, in a sense, the summation of a terrible few days. Not only had he been hapless against Gisbert, but in the doubles he had been clearly overshadowed by his inexperienced partner, Clark Graebner. In his first Davis Cup match, Graebner was responsible for

carrying the U.S. to a two-set lead. Ralston repeatedly hit balls timidly, pushing them when a big hit was needed.

Such inconsistency is nothing new with Ralston. MacCall, who was given the captain's post in part because of his long friendship with Ralston, was bewildered. Ironically, he was unable to help Ralston's game, but he turned out to be a fine captain. He and Gonzalez both did a splendid job and deserve to be retained.

But whether Ralston? He is clearly the best American player, but he is apparently not the best American Davis Cup player. He readily admits his anguish before Davis Cup matches. "He gets so nervous, you just can't believe it," says Linda Ralston, his pretty blonde bride of 18 months. "Denny takes it more seriously now than he ever did. He was tired out there, but I know there is no reason that he should be tired, because he has never been in better shape. That's what the nervousness does to him."

On the plane back from Barcelona, MacCall had a long talk with Ralston. "Denny must face some truths. My friendship with him is nothing if I can't be honest," MacCall says frankly. "I just don't know how to consider him for the team anymore. Now he wants to go back to finish college, sell insurance on

continued on page 26

WELCOME
HAMBLETONIAN
VISITORS
DU QUOIN
STATE FAIR

OLSON

OLSON

DU QUOIN

DU QUOIN

DU QUOIN

TELEPHONE TO GLORY
OH WHAT JOY DIVINE
YOU CAN GET TO HEAVEN
ALMOST ANY TIME



AN ODD TIME IN DU QUOIN, ILLINOIS

*Once a year a small Midwest town becomes the capital
of the trotting world and the scene of a spectacular state
fair, and for a wonderful week everything is changed*

BY MARK KRAM

Slowly and heavily, August stumbles into September in Du Quoin, Ill. The air is thick, dogs dore in big patches of weak morning shade and the trees, dreary and thirsty, are rows of still sentinels. Noon comes, and along the gleaming, empty track of the Illinois Central in the center of town there is just the long, low roar of stillness, a sharp sense of place. Yet, for all its visual inertia, Du Quoin is alive—a drummer in a checked suit down from St. Louis, his stickpin sparkling, breath of Sen Sen, his bowler tipped for mischief.

It is an odd time in town, Constant and subtle, a certain feeling pervades—a feeling of something kinetic and wonderfully foreign. Traffic, normally just a trickle even when there is a sale on hub overalls, is strung out along Main Street at least once during the day. The hotel, right off the lot of a movie studio, is jammed with people dining regularly and ordering such strange potations as martinis. Police Chief Valley West's five-man department seems suddenly ubiquitous for its size, perhaps only because of its avoirdupois—well over 1,000 pounds. The old man who sits at a certain time under a tree and listens to the sound of each day dying is absent. The conversation is confined to a horse race, and nobody is interested in watching Our Gang make life unbearable for Andy Clyde at the local theater.

Clearly, the town seems perfectly suitable for a Lincoln-Douglas debate and familiar with nothing more hedonistic than a church supper. Forget it—at least for the week of August 30. Geographically obscure as it is (10 miles from

Dog Walk and just a hog holler from Crab Orchard, visitors say), Du Quoin is the home of The Hambletonian, the great trotting event for 3-year-olds. Do not call it the Kentucky Derby of harness racing. Such a designation is profane and offends the faithful. Rather, to be socially acceptable and accurate, just say that The Hambletonian is unlike any other event on the sporting scene. A remark of a negative nature, especially one that scoffs at the incongruity of the town and the event, is certain to provoke acerbic comment. So what if Du Quoin has barely been acknowledged by Rand McNally? The citizens still bear up well.

When September comes they are completely resigned to the invariables of their annual situation: 1) They will once again be characterized as blue-ribbon bumpkins, and The Hambletonian will be referred to as the "Hey Rube Derby." 2) There will be rumors that the race will be transported to a big city.

But in the frenetic week before the September lull people will spend money—a sporadic occurrence in Du Quoin. Human nature and the state of Du Quoin's economy being what they are, the monetary windfall is not taken for granted. On the contrary, it is welcomed each year as an unexpected inheritance. It is interesting to observe Du Quoin subjected to money. The town's reaction is no different from that of any place else in a similar situation, its inspiration coming from the premise that—as someone once said—the people know what they want and deserve to get it good and

continued

proper. In Du Quoin during Hambletonian Week there are a number of things that one can get good and proper, including insomnia and inflated checks. The former is the result of trying to sleep hard by the tracks of the Illinois Central; the checks come after food, about which the kindest thing one can say is that you can never disguise the handiwork of a mess sergeant.

It is difficult to acquire a room in Du Quoin and even more difficult to keep it. "I'm sorry," says the lady at the motel in town, "but you'll have to leave today." But "Oh, I know," she says, "isn't it just terrible?" But — "We try," she says, "but all these people in town at the same time. I understand," she says, "but it's just one of those things. A reservations conflict, you know." Some conflict. Four other people are waiting to get into the same room.

After eviction you are advised that there is a nice hotel down the street. The nice hotel down the street is nice. It smells of oldness, and it has personality, but the management thinks it is operating the Waldorf—a two-story Waldorf in the hub of a railroad roundhouse. A room costs \$20 a day, and all night trains highball on by the hotel, freights collide with each other and the whole building rattles. Once a resident came downstairs and told the manager: "Uncouple me when we get to Chicago." The manager, who collects jokes, thought it was very funny.

Despite all this, there are few complaints by visitors to Du Quoin, and correctly so. The fleeing is executed in a painless way by pleasant people with a fine sense of humor. They apologize with a smile for their truck-stop menus with Cadillac prices and for their facilities or lack of them, and after a while there is the feeling, as one visitor puts it, "that you are making a very unique scene." On departure one is pricked by regret. But he is certain that the Rubus Americanus is practically extinct, and that he might be the only one left. He is also confident that he has admirably fulfilled his charitable obligations for the year, and strongly in favor of The Hambletonian remaining in Du Quoin—a view that is now supported by a regiment of newspapermen and horsemen. There still are some who would like to see the race held elsewhere, but they are mostly slickers with private axes to grind, and they do not disturb Don Hayes, who, through his own industry, his father's vision and the prosperity of Coca-Cola, is the custodian of The Hambletonian.

"Actually," says Don, "Bill and I [Bill is the son of Don's brother Gene, who, before his death a year and a half ago, was co-promoter of the event] are just carrying on where my father left off. He never did see The Hambletonian come here, but it was his dream all his life."

W. R. Hayes's contribution is best measured by the grounds on which The Hambletonian and the Du Quoin State Fair are held. The trees—about 3,000 of them—are fat and tall now, and the 1,400 acres roll away into brilliant patterns of small lakes and green grass. It was not always like this. Only 34 years ago the land, which was once the hunting ground of Kaskaskia Indian Chief Jean Du Quoirne and his tribe, was a pock-marked, grim profile of waste,

the remains of the Black Gold strip mine. In 1931 W. R. Hayes purchased 800 acres and began the slow, tedious restoration of it. To date, the Hayes family has invested more than \$2.5 million in the grounds, the Du Quoin State Fair and the promotion of The Hambletonian.

W. R. was a large man who looked more like a justice of the peace than a businessman with a booming Coca-Cola franchise and a dairy business. He was, one who knew him says, a "showman, a visionary, a realist, astute businessman, avowed champion of southern Illinois and a widowed mother's devoted son, who sold soda pop after his father was killed in a coal-mine accident when he was 6." The description smacks of a silent movie characterization, and it certainly would have embarrassed W. R. He did not care to bask in the limelight, though he secretly enjoyed toeing around it; he was extremely fond of show people and show business. W. R. Hayes was a dreamer who somehow managed to cling to his Midwest practicality, and a gambler who would not bet a nickel on a horse race.

To many people he was both dreamer and gambler when in 1940 he took his first step toward acquiring The Hambletonian. That year W. R. built the track that is now considered one of the finest and fastest in the country. But Du Quoin was still as unattractive to horsemen as a strip mine. Besides, Coshen, N.Y., redolent of age and tradition, had been the site of The Hambletonian for 26 years. So W. R. began chasing another dream. He would win the race—The Hambletonian—first.

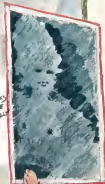
Dr. H. M. Parshall, old "Doc" Parshall had been a crack driver and trainer for years when W. R. hired him with the understanding that winning trotting's top prize was the objective. The experts said that Parshall, then in his 50s, was through, but Hayes thought otherwise, and he backed up Parshall with his soda-pop money. In 1948 Hayes and Parshall went to the fall auctions. Parshall advised Hayes to purchase four yearlings, which he did. He also parted with \$26,000 for them—an astronomical figure in those days. In the group were a little red pacer named Dudley Hanover and a trotter called Lusty Song. In 1950 Hayes, then 73, went after The Hambletonian. He won it with Lusty Song. A few weeks later he won the Little Brown Jug with Dudley Hanover. It was the first time an owner had won the premier trotting and pacing races in the same year. W. R. died two years later. In 1957, when The Hambletonian Society decided to move from Coshen, Gene and Don Hayes won the open-bidding contest and brought the race to Du Quoin.

Immediately there were the expectable protests about poor accommodations and worse restaurants. The most serious complaint, apparently, was that the prestige of the race would suffer because no sensible member of the press, radio or TV would care to expose his tender hide to the dreadful southern Illinois summer. To be sure, the weather has not become any more inviting, but attitudes have changed. Newsmen covering the race now consider it more of a vacation than an assignment, and horsemen call Du Quoin the "Country Club of the Grand Circuit." The explanation for the change is obvious. One walks into one of

Lured by the pitchman's frantic brag, a midway stroller watches girls "strapped from the Copacabana" after a come-on for the show inside.

LAS VEGAS

all star Revue



YESSIR, FOLKS
THESE LITTLE
LADIES ACTUALLY
TAKE THEIR
CLOTHES
OFF!



FOLLIES



Thomas H. Allen



While their menfolk, tall, of crops and try to ignore displays of gleaming farm machinery, the women pass the afternoons at the fair prowling the exhibition halls in critical examination of heraldically colored quilts (above), housewreck pots—and each other.

As a deflated rival reclines in a neighboring pen a prize sheep ponders the cathedrallike quiet and cool shade of his refuge after the turmoil of the judging ring. The exhibitors, reverent and number men, are an expressionless at their animals, wife or love.



the two Hayes homes that are the unofficial headquarters during Hambletonian Week and finds oneself swimming in hospitality, which in this case is composed of equal parts of bourbon and uncontrived graciousness. Amid the clicking of billiard balls, organ music and the talk of races ran long ago, the social side of a sport's season reaches a peak. No one is certain whether W. R. would have approved of all this. Wearing rimless glasses and an imperious expression, he looks down from his picture on the wall with a censorious eye. "Oh, he wouldn't mind," says Don Hayes, "but sometimes I wonder what he thinks about having a \$125,000 race right in his own backyard."

Still, it is not the race that one most remembers, but the background for the race: the town and the fair, a yellowed, cracked pencil drawing of another time. Give or take a few defections to and from Pinckneyville over the past year, the population of Du Quoin is 6,600. In a way, there are two Du Quoins. First, near the empty tracks and the roaring silence of the soggy afternoon, there is the Du Quoin of the imagination. The mind wanders, until a picture evolves:

Farmers, their faces like scuffed shoe leather, their jaws working in slow harmony on chewing tobacco, are sitting on the steps of a grain elevator. There is a hotel, and in the lobby the manager—who looks like Guy Kibbee—is napping behind the desk, his snoring adding counterpoint to the creaking of a slow-turning ceiling fan. On the crumbling old sheds near the railroad tracks there are circus posters, their bright colors faded. There is a drugstore, cool and dark inside. Wireback chairs encircle the tables, which have tops of cold marble. The man behind the apothecary counter is bald, and he is wearing a blue serge, lint-littered vest, and he has rubber bands around the middle of each arm to hold up his long sleeves. But you really don't have to look inside to tell it is a drugstore. Just walk by and there is the aroma in the air of root beer and cigars and ice cream. In the picnic grove a hand is playing. Bugs dance in the yellow light of the pavilion. Children are playing tag, while parents are just listening to the chopping of the flat trumpets and the sepulchral beat of the bass drum: "Oh, He walks with me and He talks with me. . . ."

But all of this is the Du Quoin of the imagination. There is no such place today. "That was a long time ago," says Stanley Hestand, the town poet, who used to compose verses on the linotype machine when he worked for the *Du Quoin Evening Call*. "It was a fine time. Ah, but there was another time, too. A good time also, although some of the good sisters of the church might disagree."

Undoubtedly they would. For once, when the land embracing it was dotted with productive mines, Du Quoin danced to a thousand foot-stompin' fiddlers, and vagabond evangelists descended on the town, spouting: "It's the devil and me—and no holds barred!" They considered Du Quoin a profitable obligation on their itinerary. Harlots, gamblers, flimflam artists and other assorted scoundrels besieged the town, and occasionally a few of the East St. Louis gangs would drop in for one of "walking-around money."

Du Quoin was one of the Big Rock Candy Mountains in southern Illinois, and then suddenly, as if someone had turned the lights out in a dance hall, it was all over. Now the earth is not generous anymore, the people are poor and the young do not stay. The profiteers, having ravished the

land, are gone, and the worked-out strip mines encircling Du Quoin like so many ant holes have become a wreath of sad memories. As to the farmland, in most parts of southern Illinois it is worth about \$150 an acre, compared to \$600 an acre in central Illinois. Despite the efforts of the Hayes family and others, Du Quoin just sits there, a sham flower on the side of a dusty country road. "The people have never recovered from the mines and the Depression here," says a young doctor in town. "Talk about the Peace Corps. They ought to send the Peace Corps here."

Nevertheless, there is still a certain aura about Du Quoin that makes one look somewhat disapprovingly at his own way of life. There is a fine simplicity, a dim beauty to the town, though it is not a beauty that can be pointed to or held up. It is made of a hundred things heard and seen and felt: the flutter of a dark window shade on a hot afternoon, the houses with long wide porches with rockers and boxes of flowers, the big rooms of the houses filled with old furniture, the hats fleeing the chimney of the train depot as the sun goes down, the sound of hulls being racked in the pool hall down the street, the desert quietness of the streets at night and the voices . . .

From a porch: "I vow, hoy, you come back here right this minute. Your father will hear about this."

In a bar, Stanley Hestand reciting poetry: "This one, friends, is called *Farewell to My Favorite Trotter*: 'The fire that lies in Darn Safe's eyes: Is the spark that endures and intensifies: / When the man at the gate gave the trotters the call— / Darn Safe was ready to trot through a masonry wall.'"

In a store: "Mrs. Brown and her husband passed through town the other day. On their way back to St. Louis. Understand he's don't right well up there."

Under a tree: "Ain't no work here, boy. Hasn't been for a long time."

Bartender John Along: "Gordon MacRae was in here once. Said I gave him the best glass of beer he ever had."

From a boy on the sidewalk: "Hey, I know you, Mister. You're Andy Williams. You're a singer! You're at the fair!"

The fair, of course, is where everyone is. It is the most electric part of Hambletonian Week and the part most synonymous with the origins of harness racing. The county fair, long ago described as a pagan outbreak, is hardly a disappearing rite of rural life; the 400 U.S. fairs with trotting races drew 3.5 million people last year, and heaven knows how many others there were. There are two kinds of fairs, the sprawling, brassy, commercial ones and the small, brassy, noncommercial ones. Du Quoin is somewhere in between, not quite commercially repellent and not quite an authentic link to those of another day celebrated in musical comedies. Du Quoin presents top entertainment—George Burns, Johnny Carson, Jimmy Durante, Red Skelton—but also the carry man, desperately stalking his mark in a dusty corner of the grounds. It is, however, far from being a pagan outbreak. Gamblers and scarlet ladies and pickpockets steer clear of Du Quoin and the Hayes Fair Acres during Hambletonian Week, leaving the self-righteous only the sight of small boys puffing furiously on cigarettes behind the tent where Mongo, The Fattest Man in the World, reigns in a supreme position.

continued

Out on the fairgrounds in the morning there are the sounds of birds chirping, chickens legs and bacon frying and the distant crack of a hammer. Soon the barns awake, and then, like the striking of a match, everything seems to come alive. A radio is turned on in one of the stables, and gospel music blends with the squealing of pigs from behind the barns. Everyone is busy around the stables. Grooms are pitching hay, lugging pails of water and shouldering sacks of feed. The trainers are meticulously preparing their horses for workouts. In monotonous cadence the horses clip-clop around the track, suddenly pounding down at you and then fading into small figures as they move along the backstretch. The trainers watch for a long time and then, one by one, they disappear along with their horses into the recesses of the barn area. Morning crawls toward noon. The heat of the fair increases.

The midway is still lifeless, but there is much more to Du Quoin than entertainment. The drama of the livestock shows is beginning to build. In the cool shade of the sheep tent men kneel in a line, their sheep by their sides, and the people in the small patch of stands gaze solemnly at them. The exhibitors, wearing straw hats, blue cotton shirts and white suspenders, kneel almost motionless. They are reticent men with initials like J. R., C. B. and R. D. for first names, and one wonders why it is that rural people so often use this form of nomenclature. Finally, after closely inspecting each animal, the judge is ready to make his decision. The eyes of the men do not move from the eyes of the judge. When he makes his decision, clapping chases the cathedral-like quiet. The winner accepts his blue ribbon, but he does not smile. The losers just shake their heads, look suspiciously at the judge and walk off into the hot sun.

The fair is a place for competition. It is evident everywhere you go. In the halls of the grandstand elderly women fuss over their needlework and their quilts and their pies and cakes, and they always seem painfully aware of the young women down the hall who has just sprung a magnificent piece of pastry on them. It's not the pastry—it's just that she is so young.

As vital to the fair as competition is the fact that it is a meeting place for old friends who do not see each other often. Hundreds of families, the same ones every year, journey to Du Quoin, and they live in tents and trailers on the periphery of the fair. They usually stay for the entire week, much of which is devoted to the exchange of gossip and just looking. The men look longingly at the farm machinery on exhibit and the women look at each other. The boys just stare big-eyed at the stateliness and strength of the draft horses and the skill of the men controlling that strength. The old men, tired from the sun, wander the halls, browsing through the pamphlets at the various booths and inspecting everything from contour chairs to the display of caskets. Some peer inside the caskets or sit on them while others tap on the sides. None, however, engage in conversation with the man at the burial booth.

Afternoon is also time for racing, a kind of racing devoid of pomp and pandemonium and frenetic jockeying for the mutual window. Much to the consternation of some, there is no betting, but this is not the reason for the unemotional atmosphere; rather, the spectators, many of them farmers, are just content to watch the animals perform, to

see a demonstration of "heart" and speed and strength. Indeed, the crowd usually appears uninterested until the horses flatten out at the top of the stretch, and then there is just a low hum, a voice, like a high note on a trumpet, quivering: "Here he comes, boy! Here he comes now!" The Hambletonian is different, but only because the crowd—annually about 35,000—is somewhat different. There are many "city people" here for this race and, naturally, "being city people" they are much more vocal. But it is the farmers who sit in small pockets, the race long over, the evening shadows blanketing the grandstand, savoring and discussing with scholarship each moment of The Hambletonian.

By dusk the midway is in full swing, breathing new life into the fair. The night is touched by a soft, warm wind and scented with wood smoke and the aroma of barbecue fires. The thin trail of dust that is the midway is pocked with people, and the air is torn with sound, a different sound at every few steps—the crack of a rifle in the shooting gallery, the gay yet melancholy tootle of a calliope, the deep growl of the Ferris-wheel motor, the hollow pop of wooden bottles being hit by a thrown ball, the screams of young girls being jolted by twisting rides and the brag and bluster of the pugmen. "See Mongo, the fastest man in all the world! See Margo, Margo, the untamed girl raised by a wolf pack! Folks, this man will amaze you by rubbing a burning torch over his anatomy! Girls, ladies and gentlemen, girls! Straight from the Copacabana in New York!" A handful of people gawk at the stage, their faces lined with sheepish grins. The girls, their hair like small clouds of yellow straw, stare vacantly at the audience. "Friends, come right in," says the little hustler on the stage. "There's nothing to be ashamed of, friends! There's nothing finer in all the world than a pretty girl!" The crowd is still small out front, and soon the show starts with only a dozen people. "Once," says an old man operating a game near the stage, "there were suckers around as far as the eye could see, but now the only suckers are us people still looking for the suckers."

By 11 o'clock the crowd is almost gone. On the midway a man is carrying a little boy over his shoulder. The boy is sleeping, his dusty cheeks stained by dried tears. One hand is around his father's neck and the other, clutching a bale of cotton candy, dangles down the man's back. A light rain begins to spray the grounds, and the stragglers run for their cars. One by one the concessionaires begin to turn out their lights. Soon all you can see are the colorful stuffed animals hanging in the pale light of one booth and the eerily motionless horses of the merry-go-round at the far end of the midway. The day is dead, and it is time for the carnival men to hustle each other with a deck of cards or a pair of dice. "I don't know how you fellas can play cards," says one kibitzer. "Weren't no money around here today."

The end of the fair seems to come quickly. One morning about 5 o'clock you wake up and look out the window into the half-light, and the midway is ready to move down the tracks of the Illinois Central to the next town where, again, nobody will believe Margo was reared by a wolf pack. Out at the site of the fair one senses a great void. A thick ground fog blankets what was once the midway. A man, his head down, searches for lost coins. Du Quoin is once again 10 miles from Dog Walk and a hog holler from Crab Orchard. The odd time in town is over.



Black. In the competition, which was a great event, but he
 having passed the table is a great time. Attached to it is a game
 we know as a blacksmith's test. On the morning following the
 first round there is another round and it is held in a similar way.



VAS-Y, JA-ZY! AND HE WENT

'Go,' they yell to their hero, and this summer in Europe France's brilliant Michel Jazy has responded with record-breaking bursts of speed that are among the most dramatic sights in sport by EDWIN SHRAKE

At Courtemanche Stadium in the market town of Rennes near the Brittany seacoast west of Paris, the crowd was up and yelling—"Vas-y Ja-zy!"—in rhythm, as a crowd would yell at a football game or a political rally. The cry meant, "Go, Jazy!" The night was clear and chill, with no wind to disturb the acacia trees and weeping willows around the stadium. Down on the track, which had been ripped and pocked by the spikes of earlier racers, a strangely birdlike man was more than two seconds behind the world record for the mile after two laps. His head lolling, eyes oddly vacant as if looking inward, shoulders hunched, elbows thrust back like wings, he pounded on at the pace set by his human rabbits. Michel Jazy (*see cover*), the finest middle-distance runner of our time, chased the record in a race that had been as carefully planned as a ballet.

The rabbits were Jean Kervadeou, Jean Wadoux, Gérard Vervoort and Claude Nicolas, men Jazy calls *mes copains*, his pals. Two hours before the race, as he jogged anxiously on a small inner track, Jazy had stopped to ask a reporter, "Do you think they will help me? Without them I cannot hope for anything." But the rabbits had already sworn to help. After Jazy broke the European mile record, on June 2 at the stadium in Saint-Maur, a Paris suburb, Vervoort offered to pace him in the next major effort. A week later in Lorient, Jazy set a European record in the 5,000 meters with the pacing of Kervadeou, among others. When they arrived in Rennes, Nicolas said, "I must know what you are going to do."

"Try for the record," said Jazy.

"Then I will sacrifice myself if you wish," said Nicolas. "So will I," Wadoux said. "I will take the second lap." "The third is mine," said Vervoort.

The plan was to assault Peter Snell's record by running a typical Jazy race of almost equal quarters with the first and last laps a bit faster. As they waited to begin, a television camera broke down. Jazy fretted and complained through a 10-minute delay. At the gun Kervadeou ducked his head and dashed away as if he had thrown a rock at somebody's window. Keeping up, Jazy finished the first 440 yards in 57.3, a second behind Kervadeou, Peter Snell had done it in 56 seconds.

Wadoux charged in front for the second lap and brought Jazy to the half-way point at 1:56.5, two and a half seconds behind Snell. Vervoort assumed the lead until Jazy, who had been running second, moved smoothly ahead 20 yards before the beginning of the last lap. Friends stationed around the track were calling out the times to Jazy. At three-quarters, Jazy was 2:57.2, three seconds behind Snell. But the last lap is the Jazy lap. The last 220 yards is where he is almost unbelievable. "Vas-y, Ja-zy!" yelled the crowd. Jazy was running evenly and easily, stretching out the stride that is longer than one would expect from a man of 5 feet 9 inches and 143 pounds.

Approaching the last bend, the rabbits were falling back, burnt out. It was Jazy now, alone, against the clock. And so he turned it on. His calm, almost bored expression changed into one of pain. His lips tightened. He quit puffing his cheeks. Running like a sprinter, flying away from the field, driving toward the finish, he went for the record.

Jazy crashed through the tape and, slowing, looked away disgustingly. He was convinced he had failed. He pointed toward the torn track in anger. "This track is rotten," he said. "What a pity we could not have run at the beginning of the meet. The track would not have been

plowed up by the regional races. I know everyone must run at the meet, but I did warn that I would attempt a great coup in Rennes."

His warning had come weeks earlier. He had said: "In the first fortnight in June I will be ready to strike a great coup on the distances that are dear to my heart—the 3,000 meters and the mile." At that time Jazy held world records in the 2,000 meters and the 3,000 meters. Sadly he walked toward the infield. Jazy had very much wanted Snell's record, and he thought it had escaped him. He hardly glanced up as the public address speaker began to crackle.

"Three minutes fifty-three and six-tenths seconds—a new world record!" the announcer shouted.

Jazy jumped up and down. "Merci! Merci!" he yelled to his *copains*. He hugged and kissed them. Herding his pals with him, Jazy trotted around the track waving his arms in the tour of honor. The crowd of 3,000 stood and applauded as this man—high-waisted, thick-bodied, with long thin legs and an almost too pretty face—leaped and danced past the bleachers. Michel Jazy had become the first Frenchman to hold the world mile record since Jules Ladoumègue in 1931. A night of glory for French sportsmen.

"The mile," Jazy said joyously, "has been my ambition. All the really great names are there: Bannister, Landy, Elliott, Snell. These men are idols to me. Now the ambition is realized. I've done what I set out to do."

But Jazy was far from finished. His prediction for great coups in the month of June was more than a boast. Beginning with that mile record in Rennes on June 9, Jazy launched into perhaps the most fantastic month of middle-distance running in history.

Two weeks after the meet in Rennes,



HIS SHOULDERS HUNCHED, HIS STRIDE LONG AND SMOOTH, JAZY HEARS THE TIME AND SPRINTS OUT ALONE TOWARD FINISH

Jazy went to Melun, 30 miles south of Paris, for a confrontation with Ron Clarke, the world record holder in the 5,000 and 10,000 meters, three, six and 10 miles. Some critics had scoffed at Jazy's mile record, saying the rabbits cheapened it, that Jazy is formidable in a paced race but that when a really tough, capable runner is pressing him he is a failure.

With Clarke in Europe on a tour and with the challenge plainly offered, Jazy had a chance to refute the critics. He and Clarke are friends. "Clarke taught me a lot of things, not only in the field of athletics but also in the field of human relations. I hold him in immense esteem," said Jazy. In reply to those who said he would avoid Clarke, Jazy said, "French sportswriters seem to know more about what I am doing than I do myself. The

fact is I am at my best running against competition. I love human contact. If I ran against the clock, I would train against the clock. But my maxim is to run, run and keep running until I am satisfied. I look at my watch and I say O.K., I'm going to run for two hours. I don't check off each kilometer against elapsed time. At a race what I do depends on the circumstances, on the track and my competitors."

Jazy and Clarke were to run two miles in Melun, although the distance was a bit short for Clarke. The two arranged to share the pacing until the last lap. When Clarke heard Jazy's friend Joseph Mailleje suggest laps of 63 seconds in an attempt to beat American Bob Schul's two-mile record, he looked startled. "It's a little quick, but I'll try," said the Australian.

Jazy led at 400 meters in 61 seconds. Clarke led at 800 in 2:03.3, and the two of them passed the mile in 4:11.4, only three-tenths of a second behind where Schul had been. The crowd of 6,000 became hysterical. At 2,000 meters Clarke was in front, but his knees were rising higher than usual with the unnaturally fast pace. Jazy spurred into a 10-yard lead in the sixth lap and at 3,000 meters was ahead of his own world record for that distance. With his head rolling in his curious manner, Jazy sprinted toward the finish line. Clarke, gasping, was 20 yards back when Jazy broke the tape.

Fans and photographers swarmed over Jazy three yards beyond the finish. Some carried "Vive Jazy" banners. The time was announced at 8:22.6 (3.8 seconds better than Schul), and Jazy had broken two world records in a single night.

continued

Clarke finished in 8:24.8 and was amazed. "I thought 8:29 was the best I could do. I couldn't stay with Jazy at the end. He's the greatest," said Clarke.

But Jazy was not yet through with his romance with the month of June. In Saint-Maur, only two days after Melun, he ran the third leg on the French 6,000-meter relay team that set a world relay record of 14:49. It was his fourth world record of the month and—including the 2,000-meter record that he set in June of 1962—gave him a total of five world and seven European records over the middle distances.

5,000 meters against a field that included Clarke, Schul and Bill Dellinger of the U.S. and Germany's Harald Norpoth, Jazy tired at the end and looked badly outclassed. The only Gallic gold medal in Tokyo was won by a horse. Disillusioned, Jazy decided the time had come to concentrate on his family and his job.

It was a cold, wet afternoon at Orly Airport when he returned to Paris, but a crowd of 6,000 had come to meet him. "Maybe if I had been Olympic champion I wouldn't have received the same sympathetic treatment," Jazy told a *Paris-Match* reporter. At his home in the

near his home. "I felt within me was born the need to do something to crush my doubts," he said, "and to prove to myself I have the ability to be an Olympic champion. I had to rediscover faith and the pleasure of running."

Running was Jazy's way out of a dreary childhood. He was born June 13, 1936 in Oignies, in the north of France, to a poor coal-mining family that had come from Poland. Jazy's father and grandfather both died of silicosis—a disease of the lungs, a hard death. Jazy was 12 when his father died, and it was expected he would be taken out of school, where he was a haphazard student but a good soccer player, and put to work in the mines. His mother, Marianne Jazy, saved him from that by leaving the bleak town of Oignies and taking Jazy and his older sister, Alfreda, to Paris. Mme. Jazy got a job as a waitress in a cafe in Montmartre. Her hours were from 10 in the morning until 2 or 3 the following morning. "That sounds incredible," Jazy said, "but it is absolutely true." Mme. Jazy remarried. Her husband, a truck driver, moved the family into a 10-by-12-foot, one-room apartment on the Rue Rodier in Montmartre. The apartment was in an attic. The toilet and running water were on the floor below. "We lived that way for eight years," said Jazy.

In Paris, Jazy played soccer wherever he could find a game. "Naturally, I'm proud of what I have accomplished in track, but I have always preferred soccer," he said. "My great regret is I haven't the same class in soccer that I have in running."

At 14 Jazy quit school and became a uniformed doorman and elevator operator at a bridge club near the Arc de Triomphe. At 16 he became an apprentice in a neighborhood printshop. He was playing soccer with local sports clubs and wandering the tough district of Pigalle, where speed has its uses.

In November 1952 a friend, Gerard Marzin, insisted Jazy enter a cross-country race of three kilometers in the Meudon woods. "Pas warrant, le cross-country [no fun, that cross-country stuff]," Jazy replied. On Saturday night Jazy went dancing at the Moulin de la Galette and did not show up to meet Marzin in front of the métro at 8:30 Sunday morning. Marzin went to Jazy's room, pounded on the door, dragged Jazy out of bed and loaned him a pair;

continued



JAZY AS CHILD (WITH MOTHER AND SISTER) HAD INTENSE STARE HE HAS TODAY

Considering that he almost retired from running last fall, Jazy's return had been especially remarkable. He had first become internationally known by running second to Herb Elliott in the 1,500 meters in the Rome Olympics in 1960. By the Tokyo Olympics, Jazy was a hero in France and was expected, by the French at least, to win the 5,000 meters. "For four years I thought of nothing else than being an Olympic champion," Jazy said. "In those days before Tokyo," said Mallegat, a pleasant, blond-haired man who works for the French Track Federation, "he was a cocky fighter."

But in Tokyo something happened to Jazy. He may have been bothered by an old ankle injury, but his friends say it was psychological fatigue. Jazy agrees that "the feeling that we are national heroes tenses us [French] up." In the

Paris suburb of Ozoir-la-Ferrière, Jazy found nearly 2,000 fan letters. "Some," he said, "were written by 70-year-old ladies who told me that despite their age they were still working and admired me. They said they understood my disillusionment but they wanted me to continue, since life is nothing but an eternal struggle. They told me not to abandon myself now that I was at the height of my powers. In the next two weeks, after I appeared on television, I received between 10,000 and 12,000 letters from youngsters—which meant more to me than the gold medal I didn't win in Tokyo. They all asked me to keep running. I never realized children would take such an intense interest in my fate. When it did sink in I decided to keep running. I was deeply moved."

Jazy began to run again in the woods



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of battered track shoes. "If Marzin had said the devil with Michel and gone on to Meudon alone, I think Jazy would have been just another printer all his life," said Jazy's former coach, René Frassinelli.

To his own astonishment, Jazy won that Sunday cross-country race by 160 yards. "A feeling of bliss came over me when I found I could run faster and faster and not feel weary," Jazy said. Monday afternoon the newspaper *Paris-Presse* printed a picture of Jazy with the caption: "He may become famous." Jazy bought all the copies of the paper at the kiosk near his apartment and gave them to girl friends. A week later he won another race. Marzin took Jazy to see Frassinelli, a former track star who was then trainer at the Club Olympique Billancourt on the outskirts of Paris. Frassinelli began training Jazy, entered him in a race at Le Mans, and Jazy won again. But the young Jazy knew nothing of economizing his strength. He usually collapsed, vomiting, at the finish line and often had to be carried off on a stretcher. "Every Sunday I exerted myself to my maximum," Jazy said. "I want to win, and I love a fight. In my family everybody suffered. I think what led me on in track was the determination not to suffer as my family had. I have a lot of pride, and it is well known that pride helps you to achieve many things."

Jazy frequently became discouraged and quit, only to be urged back by Frassinelli. "I knew, whether I did well or badly, those track meets got me out of that one-room apartment," said Jazy. Under Frassinelli's goading, Jazy lifted weights and ran constantly. The earlier races he had won at about the speed of a man running for a bus, but by 1956 he was French champion at 1,500 meters, having beaten his bitterest rival, Michel Bernard. There followed a place on the French Olympic team in Melbourne, where Jazy finished seventh in his heat, and more years of training. In the mornings he arose at 7 and ran from 12 to 15 miles in the Ile de France forest of Marly. "It was charming to pass pheasants or see deer leap by as I ran through thickets, up and down hills, jumped over fallen trees and little streams. It was much more agreeable than watching a stadium turn around me," Jazy said.

He and Frassinelli went to the Ger-

man trainer Woldemar Gerschler, who suggested running 200 meters 30 to 40 straight times with pauses to check a time clock and Jazy's heart. That was not Jazy's idea of fun. He repeatedly visited and trained with the famous Swedish coach Gösta Ölander, who believes in what he calls "the natural method." That means simply to run every day. So Jazy ran. In France, Frassinelli would run beside him for six or eight miles, modifying Jazy's rhythm, controlling his breathing and posture, changing his stride. Jazy discarded the idea of a special diet. To dine on dates

of the military at the end of 1958, Jazy faced the problem of earning a living. His employers at a printing plant had no sympathy with his absences or his training schedule. They made him work overtime. To the rescue came Gaston Meyer, editor in chief of the French daily sports newspaper *L'Équipe*. Convinced Jazy could be a champion, Meyer gave the young runner an afternoon typographer's job, which enabled him to train in the mornings. Domestically suited Jazy perfectly. "Married life did me a great deal of good," he said. "There is nothing like regular habits



JAZY AND AUSTRALIA'S RON CLARKE LEAD THE FIELD IN 5,000 METERS AT HELSINKI

and raisins and roots, as some runners do, is repulsive to Jazy, who thinks of himself as a gourmet. He does not eat the cream sauces and rich foods that cause the French national ailment—the *crise de foie* (liver trouble)—but he eats and drinks anything else he pleases.

"An athlete is like a pregnant woman," he said. "I take the food I want. I drink my aperitif and my whiskey. I drink two glasses of wine with my food, smoke cigarettes if I wish. If I feel like eating sauerkraut, I'll eat it. If I'm hungry I'll eat several plates. There's no reason why a runner must live like a monk."

In August 1956 Jazy joined the air force and did 27 months of military service while continuing to run. He set a French record for the 1,500 meters in 1957, the same year he married blonde Irène Denis, a secretary from Paris. Out

and a home to give an athlete that essential stability. It has been my great luck to marry a woman who is intelligent and reasonable and encouraging and also understands how dear to my heart racing is."

The world began to notice Jazy in 1960 in Rome. "If I had tried to keep up with Elliott that day I would have dropped in a heap and they would have picked me up with a shovel," he said. But he was all at once a runner to be watched. In Versailles on June 28, 1961 he was a member of the French 6,000-meter world-record relay team. In January of 1962 he went to Los Angeles to run the mile against Jim Beatty and lost the race by a few inches. "I assure you I am not seeking an excuse for my defeat," he said, "but it was the first time I was running on an indoor wooden

continued

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track. Furthermore, the meet organizers didn't hold up a sign indicating what lap it was. Over the loudspeaker I couldn't hear the English numbers. I heard, "One, two, three, four, five, six," but what comes after six? I attacked with only one and a half laps to go and that was too late."

Jazy, however, was hovering at the edge of supreme success. It was waiting only for another June—his finest month. In June of 1962, five months after losing to Beatty, Jazy went to Charléty Stadium in Paris to run the 2,000 meters and set a world record of 5:01.6, a record that still stands. Less than two weeks later, at Saint-Maur, he beat Gordon Pirie's world record for the 3,000 meters.

Quickly Jazy was flooded by fan mail. Magazines started doing feature articles on him. *L'Équipe's* Robert Pariente wrote a book about him. He was recognized in the streets—and not just by track fans. Jazy was as much a celebrity as Jean Gabin. His phone rang continually. "But I am no different from any other man," said Jazy. "Perhaps I only work harder."

In 1963—again in June—Jazy returned to Charléty to go after Beatty's 8:29.8 world record for the two miles. A gray, hammering rain seemed to have washed out his chances, but 20 minutes before the race the sky had cleared and the race could begin. At 3,000 meters Jazy's time was announced at 7:59.8—almost three seconds behind Beatty with only 218 meters to go.

The chant started. "*Fier, Jazy!*" Jazy snapped into his sprint, a rocketing shift of gears that shoots him forward like a dash man coming out of the blocks. He did the last 200 meters in an astounding 26.8 seconds and broke the tape at 8:29.6 for another world record. The newspaper *Le Monde* wrote: "Jazy raised himself into the ranks of the great finishers in the history of track. He can now be compared to Peter Snell." Jazy was delighted. "When I heard my time at 3,000 meters I didn't think I had a chance," he said. "My spirit wasn't keeping up with my legs. Then I don't know what happened. I felt myself freed from a feeling of oppression, and off I went."

Seven weeks later Jazy set a European record in the 1,500 meters. Confidently, he went to Sweden to try for Snell's mile record. But training with Wadoux in the wooded mountains of Valldalen, Jazy suffered a seemingly disastrous ac-

cident. He was running a bit ahead of Wadoux, who tripped over a tree root. As Wadoux fell he crashed against Jazy, and both men went down. When they got up they saw blood on the inside of Jazy's right ankle. One of Wadoux's spikes had torn a 2½-inch gash diagonally across the ankle and had cut it to the bone. They were four kilometers from the Valadalen village, and Jazy was bleeding badly. Wadoux ran for help. Another French runner, Jean Pelletier, ripped his shirt into a bandage to wrap around Jazy's ankle and carried the injured man two kilometers until met by Wadoux with a stretcher. But it was 40 kilometers from Valadalen to the nearest doctor, and an hour and a half went by before he was attended to. The doctor sewed up the wound and gave Jazy a tetanus shot, which caused a reaction in his nervous system.

For the next two weeks Jazy could not run and he lost three pounds. When he did start racing again he had also lost his quality. He was not to regain it until this June, when he burst out with a brilliance that stunned the world of track.

In Paris, Jazy's life is a disciplined one. He is awakened at 6 each morning by his two daughters—Pascale, 5, and Veronique, 2—who jump onto his bed. "I don't get more than six or seven hours of sleep at most," he said. "I could use more. But I see my family so little as it is, and I look forward to playing with my little girls." After a cup of strong black coffee, Jazy goes to the woods near his home and does his morning run of about 15 kilometers. By 11 he returns to the house for a shower and lunch. In the afternoon he goes to his office off the Champs-Élysées. Having left *L'Équipe*, he is now *attaché de direction*, a public relations man, for Perner, the mineral-water company. He presents trophies to sports champions, hangs around cafes, works in the office pushing Perner water. At 6:30 Jazy leaves his office and goes to a nearby golf course, where in good weather he runs another 15 kilometers barefoot. After dinner he usually watches television with his wife and daughters. Outside of his family Jazy is very much a loner. He has no official coach, having split up with Frassinelli. "If an athlete doesn't know how to take care of himself," Jazy said, "he'd better quit the competition."

At the end of Jazy's greatest June he

went to Helsinki to run against Clarke again, this time at 5,000 meters, in a match the French newspapers were calling the race of the century. When the Finnsar jet landed, coming in low over the lakes and the islands and the pine forests and dropping into the grayness of Helsinki, Jazy was rushed by photographers and reporters. "Look at him," said one British journalist. "The world's best miler. Isn't he small, though?" Wearing a blue suit, white shirt, gray tie and pointy Italian shoes, Jazy looked more like a pop singer—maybe Vic Damone—than he did a runner. His long hair was cut peculiarly in the back, slanting up toward the right of his neck as if he had been trimming it himself with a razor and someone had yelled at him.

Some 30,000 people yelled in the long light of that summer night, but the race of the century turned out to be something of a flop—if that can be said about a race in which Jazy set a European record and runners from Kenya, England, Norway and Sweden set records for their countries. Jazy, who alternated the lead with Clarke for eight laps, did a 13 27.6 and won by three yards over Kipchoge Keino, a Kenya policeman who runs to the office. Clarke was third. Schul and Billy Mills, U.S. Olympic 10,000-meter champion, suffering from shin splints and blisters and the fast trip from the AAU meet in San Diego to Helsinki, were far out of it. But the surprise was Keino, whom a Finnish newspaper called "the colored leech" for the way he stuck close to Jazy even during the Frenchman's famous final sprint. "If he keeps running like that, he is going to take the fun out of it for me," Jazy said, grinning.

After the race Jazy, who was disappointed in his clocking, said he thought the 5,000 meters could be run in 12:55 or less—a prediction that is bound to come true, since Clarke, less than two weeks later while Jazy was on vacation, broke his own record over the slightly shorter distance of three miles in 12:52.4. "Jazy can beat 12:55," said Mallejac. "He likes longer distances, because he feels he is older and more mature and they take character. Unlike the short distances, they are for somebody who likes to make a solitary effort. Jazy does because he dominates himself now. He has the endurance and physical resistance that are required. And he loves racing,

although he will not always admit it."

In early July, Jazy took his family on a holiday. "I am physically and nervously tired," he said. "I want to go live quietly for a few weeks like millions of other Frenchmen."

Jazy is off vacation now and running again. In the next few weeks he is determined to regain the 3,000-meter record, smashed several weeks ago by Siegfried Herrmann of Germany, and



A BOULEVARDIER among track men, wine-sipping Jazy has no qualms about his diet.

to establish himself as the world's finest 5,000- and 10,000-meter runner. Jazy would like to tour the United States if a promoter could arrange a way for him to bring his wife, as Clarke did. "Michel would be overjoyed. He would be touched," said Mallejac. Jazy and Mallejac can think of no reason why Jazy shouldn't be able to run until he is 37. In those eight years, considering what he did in just one month this year, it seems as if an endless perspective of new records might await him. "What I intend to do," Jazy says, "is find out my limits."

END

MY LIFE IN PRO FOOTBALL: PART 3

BY Y. A. TITTLE
WITH TEX MAULE

YEAR OF AGONY AND DECLINE

After three triumphant seasons in New York, Tittle lost the heart of his team through injuries. He was battered and bloodied himself and—worst—felt his old cool confidence ebbing as the Giants plummeted

My three big years with the Giants all ended in the same way: we lost the championship game. I don't know if any team could have whipped Green Bay for the 1961 championship. We had lost to them 20-17 four weeks before, and on the day of the title game in Green Bay they were one of the best football teams I have ever seen. They jumped off to a 24-0 lead in the second quarter and we had to try to play catch-up against a very tough defense. It wound up 37-0.

We made it a lot closer in 1962 in Yankee Stadium, but lost to the Packers again. If you were there that day, you will remember that the wind was blowing hard and it was bitterly cold. The Giants were a passing team; the Packers could run or pass, and the high wind and bitter cold didn't make so much difference to them. That's an explanation, not an alibi.

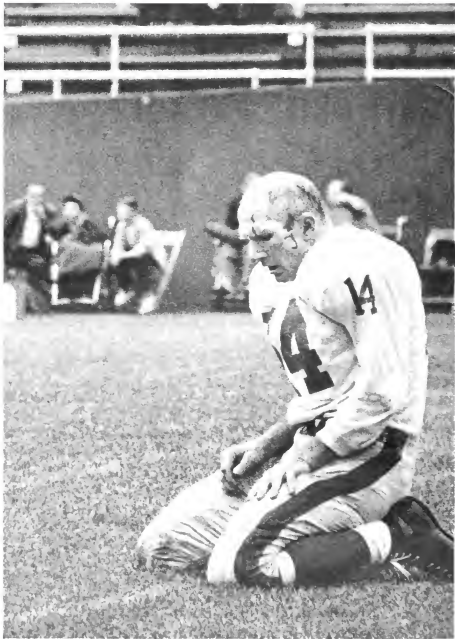
Then in 1963 we met the Bears in Chicago. Early in the game, Larry Morris hit me just as I threw the ball and I could feel a pain in my knee. Late in the second quarter I stumbled on the icy ground as I threw and Morris hit the bad leg again

continued

STRUCK DOWN by a blazing Pittsburgh Steeler early last season, Tittle in trouble epitomizes the Giants' sudden descent from first place to last.

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V. A. TITTLE *continued*

as I went down. This time the knee felt like someone had stuck an ice pick in it, and pain was shooting up the leg as well.

At half time doctors and trainers worked on my knee, and it was taped and strapped. I wanted to play the second half and I did, and found that I couldn't get back fast enough to get set nor could I stride on the bad leg, and my passes were straying. The Bears intercepted five and we lost. I still think we would have won the game if I had been able to throw naturally in the second half. We were leading at the end of the first half.

I guess that game was just a sign of the things to come in 1964. Since the end of the season I have thought a lot about what happened. It is almost incredible that a team as good as the Giants could drop from the division championship to last place in one season.

There was, of course, a combination of circumstances. There was a small psychological thing right at the beginning of the year. In 1962 and 1963 we ended our exhibition season against the Philadelphia Eagles. The Giants did not worry much about exhibition games; if we lost a couple early we figured that we could put everything together for the last exhibition against Philadelphia and be ready for the season. Since the Eagles were in the doldrums in those years, it worked out fine.

But in 1964 our last exhibition game was against the Detroit Lions, and they murdered us. We did not start the season with a feeling of confidence; we started it wondering what was wrong.

Then the season started, and the real bugaboo hit. Injuries. I tore cartilage in my rib cage in the second game. Del Shofner pulled a muscle, then developed ulcers that were so bad he had to quit halfway through the year. Darrell Doss, a key to our offensive line, was hurt. Dick Lynch went out. Alex Webster had a bad back. We were almost always using a makeshift lineup, and that hurts in more ways than one.

It is hard to overestimate the value of veterans. For instance, with Rote or Gifford or Webster or any of our veterans, I got a continuing stream of information in the huddle. Gifford was one of the great students of defenses and defensive players. He would come back in to the huddle and say, "Yat, I can beat this guy inside," and I knew he could. Shofner would fill me in on the

men covering him and I could depend on his dope. With rookie backs and ends it's different. They are busy running the patterns the way they were drawn on the board. They don't bring you back information, and often, even if they find out something, they are too shy to say anything about it.

So right away my intelligence system went to pieces. Without the veterans around to pick out the flaws in the defenses, I had lost most of what a quarterback depends upon.

Another thing, the old backs are better blockers than the rookies, because they can pick up a blitz instinctively and don't make as many mistakes. We were badly beaten by Philadelphia in the first game of the year when the Eagles used a safety blitz on us, although we had seen a lot of safety blitzes before. The St. Louis Cardinals used it all the time. Phil King, one of our backs in 1963, had been traded, and we missed his experience. Rookies played a lot in the Philadelphia game. All great players were rookies once, but to win you must have veteran experience.

A big problem with a lot of young players is the difficulty they have running pass cuts. The first pass pattern you learn with the Giants is a square-out. The flanker or spread end goes downfield, then cuts a square corner to the outside, toward the sideline. It's the kind of pass I like to throw—to the outside. A halfback's pattern on the square-out is a flare—a sort of semi-circle out of the backfield which forces an outside linebacker to cover him and gets the linebacker out of the path of the pass to the spread end or the flanker.

The old backs know why they are running that pattern, and they know how to adjust it to meet special circumstances. They may run the pattern wide or tight, depending on how the linebacker takes them. They know that they are supposed to get the linebacker out of the way of the pass.

We used that pattern often last year. In one game I asked a rookie to run it wider; the outside linebacker was releasing him to the middle backer and drifting on out. He did not understand.

"Why should I?" he asked me. I explained, but it didn't take. He knew he ran a circle on the No. 1 square-out; he didn't know why. I'm sure he will find out soon and develop the feel of a play. When he does he will be a veteran.

continued



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On another of our patterns the receiver is supposed to run at the defensive back, give him a head and shoulder fake to the inside, then break to the outside. The fake is important: it immobilizes the back for a split second and gives the receiver a chance to break free. One of our rookies last year ran this pattern without the fake, and when I looked for him he was covered. I had to eat the ball. When he came back to the huddle I told him he was supposed to use an inside fake on the play and to use it. He said he wouldn't forget it again.

I called the same play later in the game, and the back covering our rookie blew his assignment. Instead of covering to the outside, as he was supposed to, he went into the hole and left my receiver all by himself. When our man came to the point in his pattern where he was supposed to fake to the inside, no one was on him. He could have broken to the outside immediately and I could have hit him for a long gain. But, with no one on him, he went through the fake while I watched and pumped the ball back and forth, and then he broke to the outside. By that time someone hit me from the blind side and the opportunity was gone. If the receiver had been Joe Walton or any other veteran, when he started his pattern and saw that the defender had made a mistake he would have turned and started hollering. "Yat, Yat!" and we would have had a long gain. I am writing this not to criticize young players but to emphasize that the team making the fewest mental errors usually ends up the champ.

And, as I said earlier, Y. A. Tittle had a bad year. I think the hardest thing in the world for an athlete to do is to try to evaluate his own performance. I mean, the difference between a good and a bad year is so small. I always feel the same; I feel right now like I could throw the ball as well as ever. Maybe I had grown too old by the time the 1964 season began. Maybe I had lost a half step or slowed down a split second on my reflexes. I don't honestly know. It's like when you live with someone a long time and they grow old very gradually and you never realize it. You can't see the change, but someone who hasn't seen them in 10 years can. I couldn't detect the change in me.

I got taped up and came back after that rib-cage injury, but I'm sure it had an effect on me. Because it hurt so much

to get hit, I may have been releasing the ball too soon. That's a good way to get interceptions, and I got a lot of them.

As the season went on and we kept losing games I began to lose something else—my confidence. I slid back from being an old pro almost to being a rookie again. I lost the courage to buck the tide. Instead of throwing a fly, going for a home run when I thought it would work, I threw the square-out because it was safer. The injuries kept piling up, too. Even Steve Thurlow and Ernie Wheelwright, the rookie backs, were hurt. Greg Larsen got a knee and so did John LoVetere. Dick Pesonen was hurt. We limped home.

So a lot of the disaster was my fault, and some of it was no one's fault. I am sorry I went out that way, but I had decided even before the season began that 1964 would be my last year. I owed it to my wife Minnette and our children to quit football; you can't last forever, and 27 years is just about as close to forever as you can get in this game.

I'll miss it, certainly. I like the insurance business, but there is nothing like football for excitement. I mean, you might make the biggest sale in the history of the insurance business and it wouldn't approach the excitement you feel on any Sunday when you go out on the field with at least a shot at the championship riding on that game.

Even if I did go out on a bad year—for me and for the club—I went out with a good taste in my mouth. I never got a critical letter about my performance in

1964. I heard about the signs they used to hang out saying "Goodbye, Charlie" when Conerly was having a tough time, but that didn't happen to me. I suppose that, after three real good years, the Giant fans figured you can't have it all the time.

A couple of years ago the fans gave me a yacht. I named it *Giant Blue*; after Sam Huff, Andy Robustelli and Company. For three years, every time we had to have the ball to win a big game the defense got it for us.

It's a funny thing. The defense can get a quarterback out of the game anytime. He is one of the most vulnerable players on the field. He is spread-eagled. As he throws he steps forward onto his left foot with all his weight on it, and all any defensive player has to do is drive into the left leg. Out goes the knee, because the quarterback's cleats are set and he has no way to protect himself. Instead, the tacklers all come in high and knock you onto your back, and while that may jar you it doesn't hurt you.

Also I've noticed that the popular concept of what makes a good runner is all wrong. You read about the great runners with high knee action, but the really great runners barely lift their feet from the ground. You watch Jim Brown or Jim Taylor and you'll find they run with a gliding stride. When they are hit, they are in position to brace themselves immediately with the foot that is off the ground at the time. The high-knee-action runners get knocked down easy and they get hurt.

Jim Brown is the greatest all-round runner I have ever seen, but the greatest



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V. A. TITTLE continued

est back in a broken field was Hugh McElhenny. Even at the end of his career, when he came to the Giants and was running on his memory instead of his legs, he was great. He only had enough gas left to go for a few yards, but in those few yards he still had beautiful moves.

Billy Wilson, the 49er end, had the best hands I ever threw to. And he was the best receiver at splitting the cracks in a zone defense. If Billy could touch the ball with one finger, he could catch it. In that way he was like Raymond Berry of the Baltimore Colts.

Frank Gifford was the smartest receiver, with the best knowledge of defenses and defensive personnel, and Kyle Rote had the best moves. He was a master. Del Shofner was the best and most dangerous of all because he could score from way out.

A lot of people have asked me what is going to happen to the Giants now. I honestly don't know. I still work for the Giants as a scout, so I'm not free to criticize them and I wouldn't if I were.

Gary Wood, a young man with a good mind, is a scrambler—what most experts think a pro quarterback should be today. I personally do not think there has been an evolution toward the scrambler, still, Gary is a line quarterback and he has confidence and he may be all that the Giants need in the next few years.

I remain unconvinced that you have to scramble to beat the blitzes—even the safety blitz. The Bears were shooting linebackers when I came up, and the drop-back quarterback can still beat a blitz if he drops back in a hurry and fires fast. When a quarterback scrambles he sets up problems for his blockers and, as I have pointed out, he makes himself liable to injury.

The Giants are, in my experience, the best-organized and most intelligently run team in pro football, and I think Sherman is an exceptional coach. It may take a year or two or three before they are back on top of the Eastern Division, but you can bet your hat and rumble seat that they will be there.

It will be a strange fall for me. For 27 years, from September to December, I have put on my armor and gone out to engage in what is, really, a sort of warfare. This fall I'll be attending to my insurance business. I'm too old to give it one more shot.

But I wish I could.

END



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Pros and cons of a capital hand

Chicago supplanted Los Angeles as the Bridge Capital of North America this month, capturing the Sports Illustrated trophy in what was probably the most exciting intercity match yet played in the series. Los Angeles presented Nonplaying Captain Erik Paulsen with a powerful team: Lew Mathe and Robert Hamman; Ivan Erdos and Kelsey Petterson; and Don Krauss and Eddie Kantar.

Chicago, captained by Emanuel Hochfeld, had two former internationalists in William Rosen and Northwestern University Professor Ivar Stakgold. The other stars were less widely experienced: Danny Rotman, Alan Press, Paul Sugar, Burt Norton—a recently converted rubber-bridge player—and the only woman in the event, Gloria Turner.

It was a noisy, partisan and often standing-room-only crowd in the State Ballroom in Chicago's Palmer House,

cheering every favorable swing, groaning whenever fortune seemed to favor Los Angeles. The enthusiasts had a chance to do both on the next-to-last board. Chicago was leading when, from the closed room, came apparent disaster (left).

South opened the jack of spades. After North had taken two spade tricks he gave South a spade ruff, North regained the lead with the heart ace to lead another spade for South to ruff, and declarer still had to lose the ace of trumps. The posted score was minus 1,100 for Chicago.

My panel of commentators speculated on what might have happened had Los Angeles been allowed to play four hearts. We soon found out in the open room.

| NORTH | EAST | SOUTH | WEST |
|---------|---------|---------|----------|
| (Press) | (Mathe) | (Rosen) | (Hamman) |
| 1 ♠ | 3 ♣ | PASS | 3 H.T. |
| DOUBLE | PASS | 4 ♣ | DOUBLE |
| PASS | PASS | PASS | |

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer

| NORTH | EAST | SOUTH | WEST |
|----------|---------|---------|----------|
| (Kantar) | (Anger) | (Rosen) | (Norton) |
| 1 ♠ | PASS | PASS | 1 H.T. |
| PASS | 2 ♣ | PASS | PASS |
| DOUBLE | 3 ♣ | 3 ♣ | PASS |
| 4 ♣ | 5 ♣ | PASS | PASS |
| DOUBLE | PASS | PASS | PASS |

Billy Rosen, whom I would have to select as the star performer of the Chicago team, felt that his hand was too weak to stand for the double of three no trump, although that contract could have been defeated with a club opening or a club shift. But Rosen did far better by bringing home his doubled four-heart contract. The play was a triumph of counting out the opponents' hands.

Hamman opened the king of diamonds. Dummy's ace won, and Rosen played ace and another heart. This proved indiscreet when West was able to win the heart trick and pull a third round of trumps, leaving one too few trumps in dummy to ruff both of South's losing diamonds.

West continued by leading the two of spades. The audience held its collective breath while Rosen considered letting this lead ride to his jack. Eventually he played dummy's ace and led a club to his king. West took the ace and continued spades. Dummy won, and South discarded a diamond. South came to his hand with a spade ruff and achieved a perfect count of East's hand. West could hold only two diamonds, else he would have opened a low one instead of the king. East had followed to four spades and one heart. Seven diamonds accounted for the rest of his cards with the exception of the club he had already played.

Rosen, therefore, led the 7 of clubs, and when West did not cover, Rosen let it ride. This deep finesse brought home the contract for a score of 790 and reduced the Los Angeles gain to 7 IMPs. Chicago went on to win 171 to 161. **END**



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When Hail to All, winner of the Jersey Derby and Belmont Stakes earlier this summer, galloped off with the Travers at Saratoga last Saturday (see below), it was at the expense of probably the most miscellaneous bag of 3-year-olds ever to face the starter in this 96-year-old American classic. Included in the 13-horse field (unusually large because many owners and trainers felt Hail to All could not possibly be as good as his Belmont Stakes form indicated) were one hopeful sprinter, one good grass horse, two sons of Bold Ruler (whose distance ability will always be suspect) and a chestnut gelding with the James Bondish name of Wesley Ashcroft. Wesley, a son of the Belmont winner Cavañ, had recently won a Derby of sorts, the St. Louis Derby, under the lights at Cahokia Downs, but at Saratoga he finished a very bad last.

Of the remaining good horses in the 3-year-old division (and for the moment we must discount such early bloomers as Bold Lad, Jacinto, Lucky Debonair, Dagger Dan and Native Charger, who are all in the barn for one reason or another), the one colt that can dispute Hail to All's bid for a championship was not even at Saratoga on Travers day. He is, of course, Raymond Guest's Tom Rolfe, who this week will race in Chicago's Arlington Classic. On the basis of his record in Chicago and elsewhere this summer, Tom Rolfe should win easily.

With the two best colts of their age seemingly playing hide-and-seek with each other, you might assume that Guest and Hail to All's owners, Ben and Zelda Cohen, prefer to keep their potential champions 1,000 miles apart. The fact is that neither side is ducking the other. A horse owner traditionally has the prerogative of saying, "We have different objectives."

One of Hail to All's objectives is to make money. Instead of going after Tom Rolfe, he is going to Rockingham Park to compete in the \$250,000 New Hampshire Sweepstakes on September 4. A win in this rich one not only would please the Cohens, Trainer Eddie Yowell and Jockey John Sellers, but it would also gladden the Cohens' new partners.

Three days before the Travers, Hail to All—the best colt to date in Hail to Reason's first crop—was syndicated by the Cohens for \$1.65 million. The Cohens retained 13 of a total of 33 shares

And then there were only two

Candidates for 3-year-old honors narrowed to a hard-running pair as

Hail To All won the Travers and Tom Rolfe trained for the Paris turf

for themselves and sold 20 shares (in \$50,000 each). Hail to All's winning purse in the Travers was \$56,777.50. But wait a minute before you start cutting this up 20 ways. When you get through deducting trainer's and jockey's shares, entry fees and other miscellaneous items (including three days of training bills), a syndicate participant with one \$50,000 share will get back about \$1,350 as his part of the Travers purse. Nevertheless, this figures out to a healthy 2% return on his investment in three days.

Ambassador Guest, however, has other objectives; he has enough walk-around money to keep things humming at the Embassy in Dublin and no desire to let anyone else share in the ownership of Tom Rolfe. Guest has just about made up his mind that if Tom Rolfe holds his current excellent form he will be shipped to Paris for the mile-and-a-half Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe on October 3, with Bill Shoemaker riding Rolfe's sire, Ribot, won the Arc twice, and the little colt who runs so courageously may be just the sort to give the Europeans a fight on the great Longchamp grass course, and on their terms.

Depending on Tom Rolfe's condition following this week's Classic, he will either be kept in Chicago for the September 13 American Derby and then sent to France directly, or he sent earlier in September to Guest's Irish trainer, Vincent O'Brien, to work at his up-and-down turf course at Cashel (almost an exact duplicate of Epsom).

There will be much interest in what both Tom Rolfe and Hail to All do this fall, particularly if they find themselves on the same racetrack. Make no mistake about it, Hail to All is a genuine runner, and one who fences the distances as they get longer. He had only two horses beaten in the first part of the Travers, and it was not until he got into high gear leaving the three-eighths pole that one

knew for sure he would win. Pass the Word, an 11-to-1 shot who set all the early pace, hung on to be second, five lengths back, while the Bold Ruler colts Cornish Prince and Staunchness (the latter claimed from Ogden Phipps for \$25,000) were third and fourth respectively. "It was," said Zelda Cohen "the best race Hail to All ever ran." Ben Cohen added, as he sipped a glass of champagne, "When we get to running him two miles in the Jockey Club Gold Cup, I think he'll find that distance absolutely ideal."

Let the syndicate take note that the last five runnings of the Gold Cup have been won by a horse named Kelso. If he meets Hail to All in the 47th Gold Cup in late October, it should be some race.

END



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HARNESS RACING / Robert A. Hackett

Set for a Noble Victory

Undeclared and never extended, the latest star in a wave of trotting
superhorses should capture The Hambletonian and the Triple Crown

This is the era of the superhorse in American harness racing. The top trotters and pacers have so much class that Triple Crown winners are becoming commonplace, and tracks where these horses perform are in dread of large minus pools. New York's Yonkers Raceway, for example, has parted with almost \$40,000 in minus pool money within the month (page 10). Some \$28,000 of that deficit is due to a wonderfully swift and consistent 3-year-old trotter named Noble Victory, the top animal act at the Du Quoin State Fair (page 24) and a cinch, it says here, to win next Wednesday's Hambletonian. Du Quoin's President Don Hayes offers no betting and thus risks no minus pool.

Between 1956 and 1962 there were a number of outstanding trotters, but none was able to carry off the Triple Crown. Then in 1963 Speedy Scot did it, and last year Ayres did it. Noble Victory, undefeated and the winner of 26 mile dashes the last one heat of a race last year at Du Quoin but ultimately won the race, has already taken the first leg of the Crown, the Yonkers Futurity, and it will take an act of God to beat him in the remaining events, The Hambletonian and the Kentucky Futurity.

New horses are so nobly bred. Sired at the Kentucky Bluegrass show place, Castleton Farm, by Victory Song, himself a heat winner in the 1946 Hambletonian, Noble Victory is out of the 1958 winner, Emily's Pride. He is that elegant filly's first foal to be raced, and Trainer-Driver Stanley Dancer is beginning to wonder just how fast he is—the colt has never really been extended.

Owner Kenneth D. Owen is curious, too. A Texas geologist by way of New Harmony, Ind., Owen has had some outstanding horseflesh, but he has never owned a Hambletonian winner nor has the shrewd affluent Dancer. When Owen paid \$33,000 for Noble Victory as a yearling two years ago he was buying Kentucky bloodlines that have produced

eight Hambletonian victories and the foundation stock for many of the leading breeding farms. Victory Song brought \$37,000 as a yearling in 1944, topping that year's sales. Castleton sent him out to defeat the best trotters of his day. He raced his fastest mile at Springfield, Ill. in the exceptional time of 1:57½. Out of Evensong, the greatest speed-producing broodmare in trotting, Victory Song sired many champions, including the current 4-year-old leader, Dartmouth.

In the year Castleton bought Victory Song, a filly named Emily Scot won the Coaching Club Trotting Oaks in Lexington, Ky. in straight heats for C. W. Phellis. An expert judge of trotting's first families, Phellis bred her to Star's Pride, who was a world champion, and along came Emily's Pride.

From the way old Em's son has been bullying the other 3-year-olds this year it looks as though he doesn't know how to lose. Take the Review Futurity at Springfield the other day—the classic warmup for Du Quoin. On an off track Noble Victory equaled the season's record for his age and gait in the first heat (2:00½) and then shattered the record with a 1:59½ clocking. Dancer won both dashes as he pleased.

The opposition will not be as meek in The Hambletonian, where drivers traditionally race like charioteers. The best of the dozen or so trotters taking on Noble Victory is a filly of equally patrician class, she is the Canadian-owned Armhro Flight, and she is also out of a Hambletonian winner—Helicopter. Her sire is the ubiquitous Star's Pride.

Armhro Flight has won her last 21 starts, racing mostly against other fillies. Trainer-Driver Joe O'Brien has a pattern for bringing her up to the Hambletonian in murderous form (St. July 19), and it seems to be evolving perfectly. "Noble Victory can't make any mistakes and beat that filly," says Horseman Delvin Muller. "But then, he doesn't make any mistakes."

END



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the side and still play big-time tennis. Well, the stress factor is already so big with him just playing tennis. How will it be with all these things?

"We've got to figure out how to deal with this stress. We can't just go on guessing or hoping. Four other guys on this team worked awfully hard to see him dump it all in the first match."

Ralston is obviously confused. When things begin to go against him on the court his self-doubts quickly overcome him. His concentration and confidence depart. He lowers his head—a telltale sign that always signals his defeat—and he becomes morose and angry.

Part of Ralston's torment is not really his fault. He was praised too much too young. "What does bug me," he says, "is that everybody figured I was so good, they can never understand now why I lose. Look, I'm just no Gonzalez, no Kramer. I don't even think about the pros anymore. I'm not constituted to devote all of my life to tennis."

His teammates are as befuddled about his repeated and strange failures as he is. "We know he's better than all of us," Froehlingsays. "But I think it's obvious now that he'll never be great, and we ought to appreciate that. Look, to be great you need one great shot—a shot to save you when things go wrong. Denny hasn't got it. Pancho tells him that all the time. I think Denny understands now that he will never be great."

"You've got to really enjoy the game, too. I lost the finals in Ireland a few years ago and I was stomping all around and throwing rackets. You know, Jorgen Ulrich, the Danish player, came over to me afterward and told me I ought to get out of tennis. 'Look,' he said, 'You obviously don't like playing tennis. Why not get out of it?' He was right. I play tennis now because I like it."

One wonders if Ralston can ever learn to like the pressure game. He already has undergone one change of court temperament—when he traded his rebellious ranting for the restrained grimaces of his present blue period—and the manufactured change may have hurt his game. Meanwhile, as they wait to see if the best young U.S. players, Arthur Ashe and Cliff Richey, have any chance for greatness, the officials of the U.S. Davis Cup teams can look forward to more bizarre matches abroad and start adjusting themselves to off's, flying cushions and very loud "shs."

END



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THE BIRD, THE VOW AND THE CHILD



The story that follows appears at first to be simply a delightful exercise in nature reporting. But this account of a search through the marshlands of southern New Jersey for a not particularly exceptional bird turns with subtle strength into an unforgettable evocation of intractable realities

BY BIL GILBERT



In the evening of a day this past June I was splashing across a flat, wet piece of New Jersey real estate, half salt meadow, half swamp, a mile inland from an Atlantic beach resort. Swarming around me, in addition to clouds of the mosquitoes that come so big and bold in south Jersey, were four boys—the oldest 15 and the youngest 10. At that moment they could easily have passed for Tom Sawyer's gang or half a squad of snailish guerrillas. They, we all, were gashed from greenbriers, bug-bit, slathered with mud. There was no way we could have been otherwise. We had come into the swamps early that morning, using canoes where the channels were deep enough and, where they were not, beaching the boats and pushing through the water and thickets on foot.

Many boys have a natural affinity for swamps, and a few of us older, retarded ones have never lost it. In the first place, there is a lot to see and do in swamps. They are so lively that they make neighboring beaches, for example, seem sterile and monotonous. Great blue herons, least bitterns, magnificent white egrets rise up out of the reeds. Frogs bark and splash. Little crabs no bigger than June beetles scuttle over the mud. Lilies bloom, sweet bay smells, muskrats swim and the mud sucks and sounds as if it, too, were alive. There is still another thing about bog-trotting for children and childish men. Once in a swamp, you are beyond all those insistent feminine voices that speak for the virtues of being clean and dry and careful about your shoes. In a swamp, civilization is suspended and soap has not been invented. There is nothing for it but to wallow in the mud and enjoy it.

Despite the diverse and exotic pleasures of swamping, our scraggly little band had not spent the day in the Jersey mud and briars entirely for the esthetics of the experience. We were on a mission—to find some fledgling fish crows to

continued

take back as companion birds. Fish crows (*Corvus ossifragus*) are small versions of the common American crow which have adapted, like boardwalk concessionaires, to seaside living. They breed abundantly all along the coast from Florida to Connecticut, nesting (at least in New Jersey) in sassafras, holly, swamp cedars and oaks, which though low are pensively hard to climb because of the poison ivy and catbrier vines that usually drape these scrubby trees. That day we had climbed dozens of trees with crow nests but found no young crows. Mainly this was because we were too late in the season. We could identify many young crows by their food-begging cries, but they were already flying.

In some of the abandoned nests there were infertile eggs or the carcasses of fledglings that had died of disease, storms or from being starved to death by more aggressive nestmates. Two nests apparently had been ripped apart by predators, perhaps raccoons. In one thicket close by a road fish-crow nests had been pulled down by a neighboring cottage owner whom we encountered. He told us he was a bird lover, that is, he loved the good herons, which nested in this clump of trees, and proved his affection by driving off the bad fish crows, which eat heron eggs. (They do, as herons eat frogs and fish and mice.)

So by evening we had come down to our last hour of light and our last chance, a single row of a dozen trees growing far out across the flat, wet meadow. The trees, mostly stunted cedars, were apparently standing on an imperceptible ridge of land, and from the channel by which we approached we could see a bulky osprey's nest at the end of the row. One of the big fish eagles was in the air, and above, harassing it, were two fish crows. We had seen countless fish crows in the air that day, so while these two at least encouraged us to search the isolated row of trees, they did not inflate our hopes extravagantly.

We poled the canoes within half a mile of the ridge and then got out into the swamp. We hurried because the light was failing and a storm was rising some-

where west of the Delaware River. Already the sun was hidden by thunderheads, and the wind was coming in squalls. The youngest boy, Kent, the son of a friend of mine, and I were ahead, as we had tried to be all day. Kent stayed in front of the older boys because, through a chain of coincidences and tragedies, there probably was never a 10-year-old who had such reasons for wanting a fish crow. I kept up with him because I had never wanted to get a bird for a boy as badly as I did for him. Also I was perhaps the only man ever hunting hard for fish crows who had vowed never to take another away from the marshes.

As it so often will do, eagerness undid Kent and me. My 12-year-old son, Ky, bringing up the rear, walking and looking more carefully, spotted the crow's nest hidden near the trunk of a cedar. Before Kent and I could double back, Ky was up the tree, gave a yell of triumph and was back down with two young crows, fully fledged but a week or so away from flying.

All the boys, Ky not the least, had wanted a crow badly, but as Kent came up, Ky, who is as unaltruistic as a proper boy should be, handed him both crows. Neither of the other boys objected. My immediate reaction was one of dumfounded pride and admiration, first for my son, then for boys in general and by association for my whole species.

"Will these crows be like Barry?"

"I hope they end better than Barry."

"I know, but will they be as nice?"

"You can't tell. He was a very good one. It depends on how you treat them."

As we talked, the two adult crows circled overhead, giving their curious alarm call, a half-bird, half-frog croak. They and their note bothered me more than they should have. The trouble was not exactly bad conscience about taking the young birds. In the morning two adult crows would sail over the swamp without emotional pain or grief, and to my mind Kent had more need for the fledglings than their parents did. Also, in a practical sense, the cause of crowdom is better served than not by a boy occasionally taking and raising a nestling. I have yet to know a boy who has

had a tame crow who has grown up to be a dynamite of crow roosts, a crow poisoner or a crow gannet, as so many of our sportsmen and conservationists are.

It was not anthropomorphic guilt that the crows stirred up in me, but stranger fantasies. The two crows fluttering black against a black thunderous sky represented for me what crows are classically supposed to symbolize—fell, funeral thoughts. They were mixed up in my mind with notions of death, treachery and the irreversible passage of time. So



we retreated, Kent carrying the fledglings under his shirt, pushing through the swamp to get away from the coming storm and the croaking crows.

The time has now come to introduce Barry, another fish crow, who was the subject of Kent's first questions when he was given the fledglings. We had all known Barry, and these four boys, along with some of their sisters and brothers, had dug a grave for him along the Potomac River one bad day three summers past. Had there been no Barry we would not have been there together in the Jersey marsh.

Barry was a paragon among crows, and this is high praise indeed, for there are few other animals that make as good and interesting companions as crows. The Corvidae are a large family of birds which includes crows, jays, ravens and magpies. Most of them have a flair for amusing, and apparently being amused by, people. After being a crow fancier

for the better part of 40 years, I believe that the reason crows and men can, if they choose, get along so well is simply that they have remarkably similar outlooks and reactions to life. Crows, like men, are omnipresent, omnivorous and often seem to think of themselves as omniscient. Crows are social, but one of their principal social ambitions is to put down other creatures. Crows are brave in mobs, discreet when outnumbered. They can be both affectionate and aggressive, adaptable and obdurate. They are suspicious, sly, humorous, quick learners. They tend to be gluttons, fetishists and monologists.

Character aside, crows are easy and practical birds to rear. Taken at the right age, just before they have learned to fly, fed promptly and often, juvenile crows do not need to be caged even after they have, so to speak, their wings. Even a very young crow has his eye on the main chance. If he finds that a boy or a man (or, presumably, a walrus or a parrot) will feed and entertain him, he will hang around. A tame crow will roost outside (if one is quick about shutting windows; otherwise he is likely to roost on a mantel or bedstead). During the day a crow will stay as close, underfoot and overhead, as the laws of physics and human patience permit. (In frankness I must admit that I have occasionally caged domestic crows—never to keep them from escaping but to temporarily escape them.)

All of which makes the physically and psychologically irritating operation of building and maintaining pens unnecessary in the case of crows. It is possible to associate with these interesting birds on something other than a kindly-keeper-resigned-prisoner basis, which is about the best one can hope for with a wild animal that is caged. Far from acting or thinking like slaves or indentured servants, adopted crows seem to regard themselves as privileged guests. They move into a household in the manner of Monty Woolley.

To begin with, crows are good, steady conversationalists who believe that one of the principal duties of a family lucky enough to be their host is to serve as a respectful audience. (The less said about

split-tongue crows who "talk" the better. If a man is ass enough to spend hours shouting hello at a crow and the crow is dull enough to sit still for it, the bird will learn the word out of sheer boredom. The split-tongue bit does nothing to advance the process and probably delays it. Would you feel like shouting hello at a sadistic idiot who had razored your tongue?)

Left with their own tongues and to their own devices, crows are the Hubert Humphreys of the animal world. A normally articulate crow has between 40 and 50 vocal signals (as well as a dozen or so expressive gestures), which he uses to tell other crows how he feels, what he is eating, where he is going, where they should go and what he is viewing with alarm. The vocabulary of crows, like that of most animals, is both inherited and learned, and when a crow moves in with people he adapts his native language to fit his new domestic status.

For example, there was a juvenile American crow named Sam, who when he arrived had about half a dozen ways of telling us he was hungry, hungrier and very hungry. He would flap about the yard, beak agape, uttering from the back of his throat a variety of pleading, wheedling, threatening notes, all raucous. In a week or so Sam had figured out the system. Food, when it did come, came through the kitchen door. Thereafter, rather than budger just any passerby who might or might not be carrying crow goodies, Sam went to the source. He would sit on the doorstep, going through his begging repertoire until fed. Frequently in the process he would be able to slip inside the kitchen. There he made a second discovery. In comparison with the yard, where there were only such dull activities as sunbathing and weeding, the inside of the house was a swinging place. There were potholders to be shredded, butter to be walked through, tropical fish to be nipped from their tank, floors to be defecated upon and lots of people. From then on his ambition was to be a house crow. Long after most crows have forgotten their

juvenile food cries, Sam, a great hulk of a bird, retained his. He would squawk at the door, like the most pathetic fledgling, not because he was hungry, but because he wanted to be let in to raise hell. He called at the door in the same way a dog barks or a muddy-handed child pounds.

In the wild, crows are famous for the variety and precision of their warning calls. They can, for example, distinguish between an unarmed man and a man carrying a gun and pass along this information to other crows. They have calls for faraway danger, for immediate threats, for four-legged predators, for winged and limbless ones. (Crows are particularly suspicious of anything that even vaguely resembles a large snake. Sam would throw a hissy when he saw a piece of black garden hose.)

As they do with their food calls, tame crows rephrase their alarm calls to deal with household crises. A raven named Doc shared the premises with, among other beasts, a good-natured Airedale named Mike. Doc disliked the dog intensely and cursed him steadily. It was not that Doc feared the Airedale, it was just that the dog bugged him. Dog food is also crow food, as far as a crow is concerned, and Doc was always trying to muscle into Mike's food pan. The dog would simply lower his chaggy head to keep away from Doc's heavy beak and push the bird aside. "Danger, dog. Danger, dog," the raven would croak hysterically, despite the fact that the food belonged to the dog. The dog was dangerous because he was eating food that the raven might otherwise have eaten. The Corvidae are preeminent avian practitioners of doublethink.

Besides giving vent to his hostility, Doc's danger calls were made for the purpose of getting help, as one raven will call others to come mob a fox. As far as Doc was concerned, we were ravens, and he expected us to help him rub out the Airedale. Often he got, in a sense, what he wanted. After 20 minutes or so of listening to Doc's foul language, somebody would usually put the dog away, not to please Doc but to shut his dirty mouth.

Doc also had a special alarm call for

one particular human, a frequent visitor whom we shall call (what Doc called him is unprintable) Bostwick. Bostwick was a biologist (he was then analyzing the urine of crayfish) and was certain that the way to make friends with a raven was to hold down his wings and massage his neck. Bostwick was wrong. Having been captured by surprise once and given this ignominious Dutch rub, Doc never forgot the experience or forgave Bostwick. Whenever the scientist approached, Doc would fly out of reach, perch, fix the man with a cold eye and begin to chew him out.

Most crow conversation is exhortative, aimed at getting somebody to do something or stop doing something. However, there are times when it is pleasant and instructive to listen to crows. For example, walking in the woods with a tame crow is a fine thing. A crow will follow like a dog, only in the air, flitting from tree to tree, occasionally soaring up for a long look. All the time he will be yakking away, telling the walker, whom he regards as a clumsy crow, what he sees that is curious, frightening, good to eat or disgusting. It is like walking with a pair of mobile, high-

powered binoculars wired for sound.

Two-way conversation is possible with crows, though they do not encourage it. In the wild, crows note and react to many sound signals and can do the same around the house. A crow quickly learns to come when called by name and to recognize, if not always obey, such commands as "Stop," "Go away," "Shut up," "Ouch," and "Let go of my ear." If one is a clever mimic, one can speak to a crow in Crow but, if not, almost any loud, harsh signal will do. This is no problem, since the things one often wants to say to crows can best be said in loud, harsh words.

Besides talking all the time there are other personality traits that make the average crow a memorable houseguest. For example, you have to watch them with the silverware. Most crows are either latent or active kleptomaniacs, congenitally unable to resist small, bright objects such as keys, buttons and coins. Not only do they want to fondle trinkets, but they want to possess them, bear them away, hoard them like a miser. The summer that Doc stayed with us there was a chronic shortage of teaspoons. Children, dishwashers and garbage disposers were blamed. Not until fall, when a tarpaulin used to winterize a sleeping porch was unrolled, were the spoons and culprits discovered. Doc had stashed away 11 spoons in the core of the canvas roll.

Crows also are apt to sneak up on other guests and try to make love to them. Among the Corvidae a common way of displaying affection is ritual feeding. One bird will pop bits of food into the mouth of an *amoruso*. This is fine between crows but can lead to problems when a crow becomes enamored with a *Homo sapiens*. The difficulty is that a crow is weak on identifying and distinguishing the functions of the many gaping orifices he finds in a human skull. Since crows usually perch on a shoulder, it is not surprising that they should regard ears with particular affection. These facts may interest an ornithologist but are hard to explain to, say, the matronly wife of a business acquaintance who first met the family and Sam, the crow, at a picnic. This lady, more or less out of good manners (when in savage places

do as the savages do), tolerated Sam perching on her shoulder. However, when he slipped away, returned and jammed a wad of potato salad against her eardrum it neither cleared the air nor her head to explain that Sam found her glamorous and desirable.

Any of which may stand as either a recommendation or a warning for those contemplating interpersonal relationships with the Corvidae. It is also intended to emphasize that when it is claimed that Barry, the fish crow, was the very most among crows, a considerable claim is being made. It is perhaps an exaggeration to tout Barry as the tamer of all crows we have known (it is hard to get a bird any tamer than one that will stuff potato salad in your ear). It is fair, however, to say he was the most dependent (tameness is a euphemism for dependency, though most animal keepers do not like to admit it).

Barry was hatched on the Eastern shore of Maryland and brought back to our mountain bestiary in central Pennsylvania late in June. The first thing that set him apart from other crows was that he was a finicky eater. Most crows have cast-iron stomachs and catholic tastes. They will eat anything—roast chicken, watermelon, cheese, distillery muck, cigarette butts, ripe olives. They are feathered goats. Barry was different. He gagged and spit out such old crow favorites as bread-and-milk mush, soft dog kibble and hard-cooked eggs. At last my wife, with typical feminine perspicacity, hit on the solution. "They call this a fish crow. Try fish."

Ky was dispatched with a dip net to the trout stream that flows past the house. After some judicious chumming he came back with half a dozen black-nosed dace minnows. Barry took them down immediately and shouted for more. It quickly became apparent that while he would eat only minnows, he would eat them in really extraordinary quantities. The dace in our stream run about two inches long, eight to the ounce. Barry ate 82 of these little fish on his best day (or, rather, Ky's best nesting day; the crow would probably have eaten





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more if Ky could have caught more).

Barry rapidly learned all there was to know about minnows except how to catch them for himself. When the dip net appeared Barry would fly to the stream, settle on a rock and squawk until the catch was brought to him. I was never certain that his failure to fish for himself may not have been intentional. After all, why should a crow splash around in a cold, swift stream, spearing dace one at a time, when there were half a dozen people who could bring him fish by the netful?

Barry's specialized feeding habits were at the root of his special dependency. Most crows prefer to be fed, but if chow

by going to a desk beside a second-floor window and fondling a black instrument. Therefore when the phone rang Barry would fly to the same window and sit outside on the ledge, beating on the pane with his beak for admittance.

Despite such carryings on, Barry won his greatest fame as a canoe crow. Barry commenced canoeing in a small way. He learned to sit on the thwart of a 15-footer that Ky anchored in a dammed-up pool of the creek, the better to carry on his dace-netting operations. This experience served Barry as a sort of novice canoe instruction and prepared him for bigger things as a member of The Trip.

The Trip is a cross between a reunion of old friends and a cooperative summer camp, a 10-day canoe cruise that four of us second mated pairs and 16 of our offspring have made each summer for the past six years. The four boys who made up the party to the Jersey swamps were all Trip veterans, along with such other people as Ky's three younger sisters, Kent's older brother and his younger sister, Kristin. The first Trip, when none of the children were as old as 10, was anticipated with considerable doubt by the Bigs (the kids' slang for the adults who dreamed up the idea). Mothers were worried about drownings, fathers about horsing and portaging 11 canoes down a 30-mile stretch of river. However, the thing came off because we were of an age, in an age, when if anything, no matter how preposterous, is conceived as being "good for the children" it must be acted upon. Much to our surprise, we found after the first Trip that Smalls can perform unexpected feats of good sense, endurance and daring when the operative orders are "you can," rather than "you can't." By the summer of Barry's advent, The Trip had become such a tradition that it could not be postponed even for a crow. Since the chances of finding a crow-sitter with a dip net and stream full of dace were slim, there seemed nothing to do but take the bird with us.

Barry by this time was fully grown, a competent, if not fancy, flier. Nevertheless, he made his way down the river as the rest of us did, in a canoe, sitting on thwarts or gunwales, taking his ease like

a Victorian maiden in a punt while others provided the locomotion. Occasionally, when we had to make a portage or when we struck a stretch of rough water (he detested being splashed) or when a bit of shiny floatam caught his fancy, he would leave the flotilla, but never for long. Small mr Big, it is a wonderful thing to see a crow winging across a river and have him drop down and perch on the bow thwart of your canoe.

Barry had only one problem, the thing that bothers many first-time campers. He had difficulty adjusting to the food. We were cruising on an upper section of the Potomac River, where the current was fast, the bed rocky and crow minnows hard to catch. After some sulking and temper tantrums, Barry eventually learned to take fresh-water clams, canned ravioli, beef stew, pancakes and sugar cookies. This fare kept Barry's body and soul together, but it did not satisfy him as minnows did, and consequently he was, or would have us believe he was, ravenous most of the time.

At night Barry roosted on the grip ends of a pair of crossed canoe paddles that were erected expressly for his convenience at each campsite. At daybreak he was up and at us, intent on rousing someone to start the fire and get the pancakes going. He would hop from sleeping bag to sleeping bag, making a raucous food call, pulling an ear here, tweaking a nose there. He was a villainously effective getter-up, but otherwise not much help in the early morning. Real woodcraft is, at 5:30 a.m., with thick, cold river mist blowing in your face, trying to coax a flame out of a bundle of damp grass while a crow sits on your head fanning the air with his wings.

In the afternoon progress was halted in some shallow, sandy place to hunt clams for the crow. The method was to spread out in a long line across the river and, barefooted, beat downstream, feeling for the shellfish with our toes. One canoe was towed behind. In it rode Barry, shouting advice, and a boy with a knife who, as the clams were tossed to him, opened them and dropped them down the crow's throat.

When the bird had had enough clams it was time to camp for the night and



is late or skimpy they will not go hungry. They will begin to find a bug here, a berry there, a neighbor down the road who makes a tasty peach cobbler. In time they will wander farther and farther afield. Barry, however, had no place to go except where there were damn fools to net minnows for him.

His food supply secure, Barry settled into the domestic routine as only a crow can. He was a dog scolder, a button snatcher, a turner of book pages. He was also a telephone answerer. The phone was rigged to an outside bell, and Barry learned that when this bell rang, humans, like Pavlov's dogs, would react



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start supper for Barry and the rest. Around a cook fire Barry's manners were worse than those of the average camper. At first we tried to serve him as we did everyone else, giving him a tin plate full of whatever was in the pot. He did not like this system. Suspicious of camp food, like an autocrat in fear of being poisoned, Barry chose to eat only from somebody else's plate after he was certain that what he was expected to eat was being eaten generally. Even the 5-year-olds soon learned to set their plates in a secure, level place and clamp down hard on one rim in order to counterbalance the weight of the crow, who sooner or later would light on the other rim for a few breakfastfuls of chow.

A detached observer might well find this whole business ridiculous. 24 people devoting the best part of 10 days catering to the whims of a petulant crow. On the other hand, there are examples of as many as 24 people spending as much as 10 days in worse and less memorable ways.

The end of that Trip and of Barry is best described plain and quick. The last afternoon was muggy, with thunder, lightning and rain squalls playing along the river. We were anxious to get off the water as soon as we could, and Barry was a drag on the whole party. Threatening weather always made him nervous. That afternoon he was constantly flitting from canoe to canoe, from shore to shore, perhaps looking for shelter in the trees. Impatiently, I decided to restrain him until we reached our take-out point. A good method of painlessly confining largish birds is to put them in some kind of a flexible straitjacket. A newly caught hawk, for example, can be stuffed into a nylon stocking and held immobile for a few hours with no damage to his feathers. No nylons being at hand, I whistled Barry to my canoe, caught him up and put him in the sleeve of a shirt. Shirt and crow were put behind the stern seat while we did some serious paddling to beat the storm. During the passage Barry thrashed about, but instead of working his way out of the sleeve wriggled further into it. When we came to the landing I reached for Barry and instead found a limp bundle

of scraggly feathers, a suffocated crow.

For many years I have been much involved with many animals. Most of them are dead now, and some have died because of my ignorance and stupidity. But none were killed quite so ignorantly and stupidly as Barry was. It could be argued that had we not taken Barry from his nest a raccoon might have pulled him to pieces as a fledgling. Had he survived the canoe trip he might have been run over by a car the next day or caught by a cat. These things might have happened, but they did not. I had called him back from across the river and smothered him in my shirt. While the Smalls cried and dug his grave and the Bigs unloaded the canoes silently, I made the no-more-crow vow. Not to protect crows, but to protect myself.

The Bigs and the Smalls have made other cruises since then. Eels have been caught on trout lines, copperheads under tents; caves have been discovered and many good rapids run, but Barry remains a central figure in the folklore of The Trip. Each subsequent spring some of the Smalls would ask, "Can we get another Barry?" They were put off evasively, not with any talk about vows. Children are realists (like crows) and do not understand or sympathize with that kind of sentimentality.

So we come again to the Jersey swamp

where the vow was broken, under the wings of fish crows fluttering against thunderheads, like funeral thoughts. This explanation, too, should be made directly. One day this June, Kent and his sister, Kristin, were running across a honeysuckle-covered field near their home in northern Virginia. Kristin, seven, running hard because she was following ten, fell, in the one spot in the field where a garden cultivator had been abandoned, prongs up. She died 10 hours later.

Bigs have conventions, rituals, reflexes that act automatically to blunt reality, even the reality of death. Smalls have not mastered these devices. They only know what they really see, what they really feel. A boy who has turned to see his sister impaled on the ground knows only what is real, that she is dead for no reason that makes any sense to a living mind. This boy will scream at night in horror.

Other little girls are being bombed, cut up in alleys, run over by trucks (and fledgling fish crows are being eaten by raccoons if they are not being suffocated in shirts). There are no pieties suitable for this situation. So we talk about the river and the rapids and being pinched in your sleeping bag by a crow.

"Bil, I wish I could have another one, a Barry. Something I could take care of, play with this summer."

"Do you really want another crow, Kent?"

"I really do. Can you find one?"

"Kent, we'll find a crow. We'll go day after tomorrow."

"That's the funeral."

"We'll go Thursday."

Thus there are now three Barrys. The first a ghost bird fluttering in 23 memories. The second Barry is with Kent in McLean, Va. ("I only want to take one. I want to take good care of him.") The third Barry is here, at this precise moment sitting outside the window, squawking for Ky to hurry up with another serving of black-nosed dace.

Thus, also, are vows pointless that neither comfort nor restore the dead, worn at graveside and broken when they conflict with the real needs of those who live.





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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BOOMERANG

Sirs:

In regard to Jim Brosnan's article about the Cincinnati Reds (*Boom Go the Big Red Bats*, Aug. 16), I wish to voice my dissent. With or without a revitalized D'Toole the Reds still lack sufficient pitching. As baseball tension mounts during a pennant fight, hitting declines in importance. Good pitchers who become emotionally charged inevitably dominate good hitters emotionally charged. Therefore, the Reds will drop in the National League race, leaving the Philles to knock off the Dodgers.

DAVID M. KARWOWSKI

Feasterville, Pa.

Sirs:

Granted Jim O'Toole is not the pitcher he has been for the past four seasons. But when a team has four capable starters in Sammy Ellis, Joey Jay, Jim Maloney and Joe Nuxhall, who needs a fifth starter? Very few teams can boast even three good starting pitchers. I suggest Mr. Brosnan look elsewhere for the real reason behind the Reds' inability to get into first place.

LOUIS ADLER

San Diego

Sirs:

Boom go the Big Brave bats.

LARRY BROOKS

New York City

LEFT AND RIGHT

Sirs:

Five months ago SI bluntly stated that the majors' best pitcher was Dean Chance (March 8). He may be classified as the best on a seventh-place ball club but hardly the best in the majors.

Now Jim Brosnan comes out and says that Juan Marichal is "the best pitcher as the majors."

Has everyone forgotten a southpaw pitching for the first-place Dodgers who seems certain to break Bob Feller's season strike-out record of 348 and win the most games since Dizzy Dean? Pitchers like Sandy Koufax come about once in a decade.

DAVE GATES

Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

Jim Brosnan is all wet. When Juan Marichal can strike out 10 or more batters in a game 76 times or average 10.3 strikeouts per game, then he will be the best pitcher in the majors and not before. Koufax and McDowell are tops.

PAUL GROSZKY

Pittston, Pa.

Sirs:

Here we go again. Marichal is the best right-hander in baseball. Koufax is the best.

RAY HUSSA

Cataldo, Idaho

GOAT HILLS, U.S.A.

Sirs:

It may be disloyal for a Dalkrate to congratulate you for an article about Fort Worth. Nevertheless, *The Glory Game at Goat Hills* (Aug. 16) was as enjoyable as any story I have ever read in SI, and I have been a dedicated reader since 1954.

R. B. HOOVER II

Dallas

Sirs:

It was with many fond (and other) memories that I read Dan Jenkins' article about the famous Goat Hills course. It has been 14 years since my family moved from Fort Worth to Martinsville, Virginia, but I can distinctly remember the old course and the fellows who played there. May I assure the readers that every word of Dan Jenkins' article is true and that the old saying "truth is stranger than fiction" is certainly applicable to the endless array of folklore that has come down through the years concerning that lovable shrine to golf.

RICHARD GLOMBAN

Martinsville, Va.

Sirs:

Quadruple great!

But there's a munny here in Houston which wears the name of Herman Park, and its relationship to golf is more mysterious than the New York Mets are to baseball. Herman Park makes Goat Hills look like a shrine to the National Dipsn. And as a haven for hustlers and con men it ranks firmly above the nearest traveling crap game.

At Herman Park they've got a game to fit anybody.

A. K. FASLETT

Houston

Sirs:

The Glory Game at Goat Hills is going into my library of golfing gems. But Dan Jenkins need not pine for want of action. Out here such sundry characters as The White Bear, The Haircut, Sorghum, Round Man, The Whistler, Mose and Tennis Shoes will step up to the tee with him. Same game — plus a few local innovations.

I've belonged to several golf clubs in my travels. For a rollicking time with plenty of action, a public links is the place to play.

PAUL WISENEK

Boring, Ore.

Sirs:

Silk-neg Nod! I'm still crying from laughter. Dan Jenkins' "young" crew was twice as motley as the gang at our outdoor pool-room which includes New Smyrna Fats (the pro), The Roadrunner, Lighthouse, Billy Bowlegs, The Snake, Carload, Gumbo, Friendly Henry, Catfish, Shoky and The Spider, among others.

BOB PATTELLO

New Smyrna Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

Some readers may think that Dan Jenkins got carried away reading Damon Runyon stories, but I'll buy the whole article. Welton the Duth has got to be real. I saw him only this morning while shaving.

FRANK W. LUCAS

Portland, Texas

Sirs:

Just finished Dan Jenkins' fine article and wish to compliment him on a wonderful job. I couldn't help but reflect on those days, almost with tears in my eyes. They were really something. It's for sure another game like that will never be assembled.

JOHN O'CONNELL

New Orleans

Sirs:

I am sure Dan Jenkins' splendid yarn re-viewed forgotten memories for thousands of Goat Hillers everywhere. Congratulations.

SCOTT BROWN

Levington, Ky.

\$200,000 AND UNDER

Sirs:

"Joe Namath is marvelous. Namath is wonderful. Namath is the new Sammy Baugh. Namath is getting \$400,000. Namath, wow!"

Well, hooray for Dan Jenkins and his fine article on John Huarte (*A Star Is Born—Too Late*, Aug. 16). Maybe Huarte is getting only \$200,000, but he's a darn good quarterback.

COLIN MINOR

Regina, Sask.

Sirs:

It seems to us that Dan Jenkins supports the performance of John Huarte at the expense of several other players. Certainly Huarte's fine play is worthy of praise, but isn't it possible that Navy's Pat Donnelly was himself responsible for his one-handed catch that gave the All-Stars and Huarte a key first down? And perhaps he could and would play pro ball were he free of his naval obligation. Wasn't it Oklahoma's Lance Rentzel who gave the All-Stars their second

continued

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10TH HOLE (continued)

touchdown with a diving catch in the end zone? And perhaps it was because of and not in spite of a Yale man that Huazie was able to engineer the All-Stars' first touchdown.

BILL GOLDSIEIN
TOM BRADY

Maumee, Ohio

Sirs:

For a guy who kicked a 36-yard field goal and an extra point, and in addition caught a touchdown pass in the driving rain, Chuck Mercien of Yale received some pretty rough treatment from Dan Jenkins ("even a Yale man couldn't drop it"). Just remember that for the first 40 minutes of the 1965 College All-Star game the score was Brown 24, Mercien 3, and that the Ivy League's one "unlucky" star accounted for 10 of the Stars' 16 points.

STEPHEN N. GOLDSIEIN

Philadelphia

Sirs:

When will SI stop deprecating Ivy League athletes? While few Ivy Leaguers make it as big as Yale's Mike Pyle did with the Bears, it might just be that graduating Ivy athletes have something better to do with their lives than professional sports, which is the main "cup of tea" for many of the graduating athletes of the "Oscaloosa Southerners" and the "Siwash Westerns." Witness Princeton's basketball All-America Bill Bradley, now turned Rhodes scholar!

Let us finally recognize that the Ivies are not playing by "Little League" rules—but by the same rules as all other NCAA colleges.

LOREN H. NAUSS JR.

Forestville, Conn.

AM WILDERNESS

Sirs:

I am sad over the missed opportunities in the article *Junior's Answer* in a *New York Times* (July 26). To do simple justice to your readers and to one of the challenging, unspoiled areas of our land, someone who knows and loves the Canyonlands should write a factual article for you about its mysteries and beauties.

One March I, too, had the rare experience of sleeping in the snow in Canyonlands. It was in Salt Creek Canyon beside a spring. We rode horseback in the dark through four-foot-high sagebrush to reach it. After supper around the fire, talking of our Mohi neighbors of 700 years ago and of the brilliance of the starry sky, we crawled into our sleeping bags. Next morning the world was white over the silver sagebrush and vivid red-rock walls.

Zane Grey caught the excitement of the Canyonlands area in stirring adventure tales. Here are a multitude of strange red-

rock pinnacles and shapes; the almost unknown cliff-barriered junction of two of America's greatest rivers; the excitement of untouched prehistoric ruins, petroglyphs and pictographs; and high over it all the snow-capped 11,000-foot Le Sal mountain range seemingly near enough to touch. Is it any wonder that many of those who visit Canyonlands with open eyes place its total awe as above even of the Grand Canyon?

Your lady writer seemed merely bored.

ROBERT DICHERT

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Re the masterpiece by Alice Higgins, it is obvious from the tone of her account that she is one of those refined individuals from "out East" who, to paraphrase one of your other writers, has no more idea of Western land and living than what is speared out of the TV tube is being "Marlboro Country."

We here in the West would all appreciate it if Alice Higgins and her ilk would stay home and not bother us; we're quite happy not to be burdened with an Eastern Seaboard "megaloidea." We have primitive and wilderness areas in Montana and Wyoming where not even an Old Green Lizard is allowed. No mechanized vehicles. Yet even as I write this there are those in Washington who are lobbying for legislation to build roads into these last remaining areas of our country where a man can be self-reliant and alone with himself without having to trip over Coke bottles and beer cans. Let the poorly conditioned and the extraverts keep out!

ARMIN D. MEYER, M.D.

Dickinson, N. Dak.

OFF COURSE

Sirs:

It was with great interest that I read Bob Havner's description of *Constellation's* triumph over *Eagle* in the fifth race of the try-outs for the America's Cup (*The Race That Beat the Bid*, Aug. 16).

It should be noted, however, that the caption of the drawing on page 37 states that *Constellation* made her quick tack "after jibing around the third mark." It would seem from the sea and from the wind and course arrows depicted in the drawing that she could not have jibed.

Constellation approached the mark on a broad reach on the port tack. In founding the mark she simply hardened to the wind and then, when close-hauled, made her quick tack over to starboard.

JOHN J. TRAVIS JR.

New York City

● In the four hours, 26 minutes and five seconds it took her to complete the fifth race, *Constellation* made 79 tacks and 8 jibes. SI went overboard with an extra jibe.—ED.

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